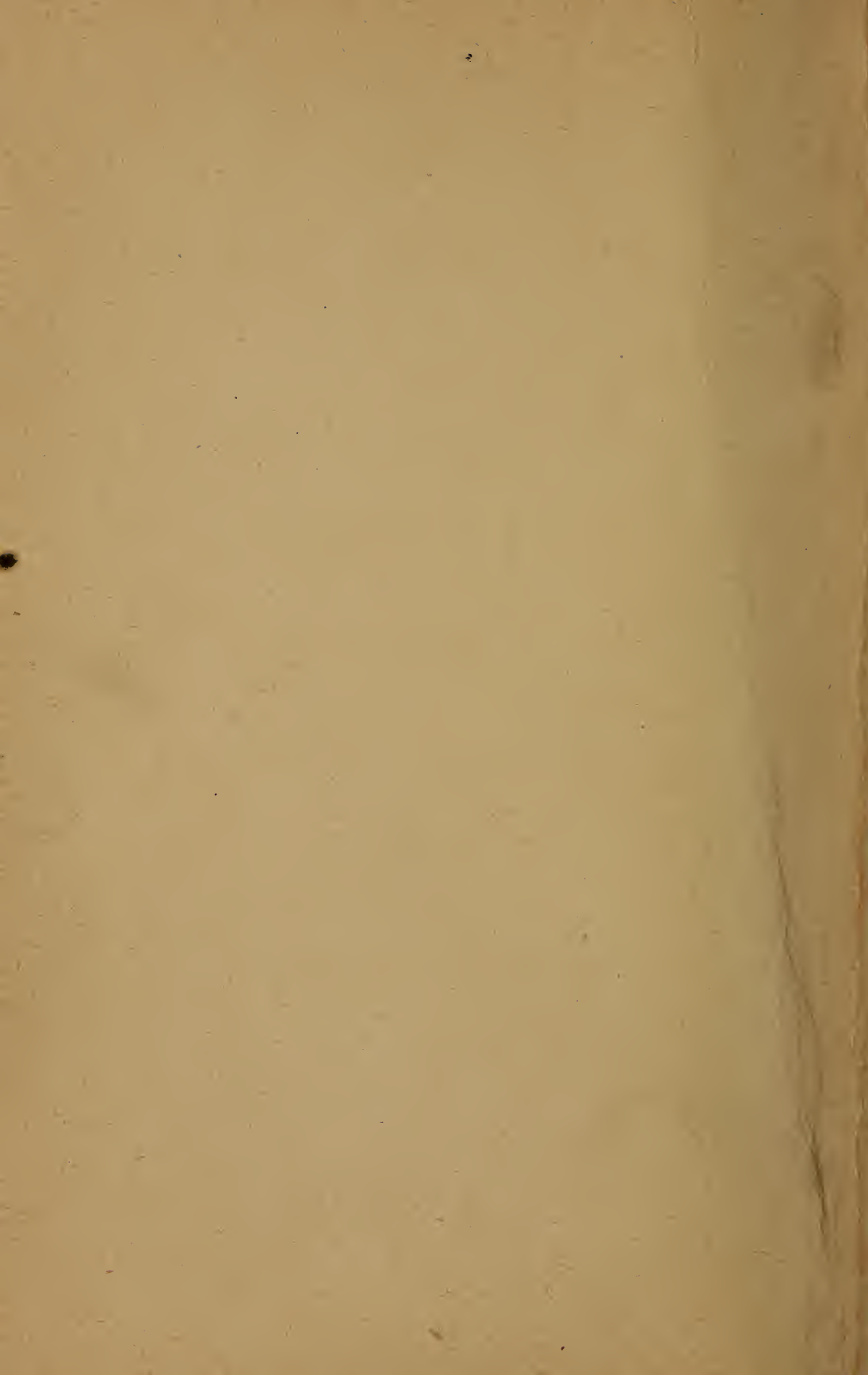


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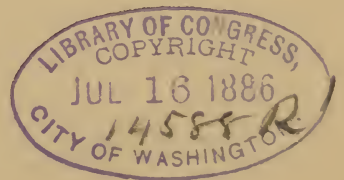
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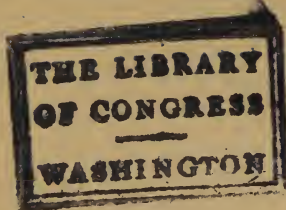
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THE BATTLE FOR BREAD.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

“The earth was without form and void ; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.”—*Genesis* 1:2.

OUT in space there hung *a great chunk of rock and mud* and water and shell. Thousands of miles in diameter, more thousands of miles in circumference. A great mass of ugliness, confusion, and distortion, uselessness, ghastliness, and horror. It seemed like a great commons on which smashed-up worlds were dumped. It was what poetry and prose, scientist and Christian agree in calling chaos. Out of that black, rough, shapeless egg our beautiful world was hatched. God stood over that original

ANARCHY OF ELEMENTS

and said : "Atlantic Ocean, you go right away and lie down there ! Pacific Ocean, you sleep there ! Caucasian range of mountains, you stand there ! Mount Washington, you be sentinel there ! Mont Blanc, you put on your coronet of crystal there ! Mississippi, you march there, and Missouri you marry it there !" And He gathered in His Almighty hands the sand and mud and rock, and rolled and heaved and moulded and dented and compressed them into shape, and then dropped them in four places ; and the one was Asia, and another was Europe, and another Africa, and another America, North and South.

SOCIAL CHAOS THREATENED.

That original chaos was like the confusion and anarchy into which the human race ever and anon has a tendency to plunge. God has said : " Let there be light of law, light of justice, light of peace, light of love !" " No ! No !" say anarchic voices, " let there be darkness, let there be cut-throatery, let there be eternal imbroglio, let there be chaos."

Such a social condition many are expecting

because of the overshadowing contest between Labor and Capital ; there has not been an intelligent man or woman during the last two months who has not asked the question, "Shall we have bloody revolution in this country?" I have heard many answer the question in the affirmative ; I answer it in the negative.

THE CHURCH AS PEACEMAKER.

There may be and there have been terrific outbursts of popular frenzy, but there will be no anarchy, for the Church of Christ, the mightiest and grandest institution of the planet, shall, laying hold of the strength of the eternal God, come out, and putting one hand on the shoulder of Labor, and the other on the shoulder of Capital, say, "I come in the name of the God who turned chaos into magnificent order, to settle this dispute by the principles of eternal justice and kindness ; and now I command you, take your hands off of each other's throats." The only impartial institution on this subject is the Church, for it is made up of both capitalists and laborers, and was founded by Christ, who was a carpenter, and so has a right to speak for all laborers, and who owns the earth and the

solar system and the universe, and so can speak for the capitalists.

As for myself, as an individual I have a right to be heard. My father was a farmer and my grandfather, and they had to work for a living ; and every dollar I own I earned by the sweat of my own brow, and I owe no man anything, and if any obligation has escaped my memory, come and present your bill when I descend from this pulpit, and I will pay you on the spot. I am going to say all that I think and feel on this subject, and without any reservation, asking your prayers that I may be divinely directed in this important series of Sabbath morning discourses.

That Labor has grievances I will show you plainly before I get through this course of sermons. That Capital has had outrages committed upon it I will make evident beyond dispute. But there are right and wrong ways of attempting a reformation.

When I say there will be no return to social chaos, I do not underrate the awful

PERIL OF THESE TIMES.

We must admit that the tendency is toward revolution. Great throngs gather at some points

of disturbance in almost all our cities. Rail-trains hurled over the rocks. Workmen beaten to death within sight of their wives and children. Factories assailed by mobs. The faithful police of our cities exhausted by vigilance night and day. In some cases the military called out. The whole country asking the question, "What next?" A part of Belgium one great riot. Germany and Austria keeping their workmen quiet only by standing armies so vast that they are eating out the life of those nations. The only reason that Ireland is in peace is because she is hoping for Home Rule and the triumphs of Gladstonism. The labor quarrel is hemispheric, aye, a world-wide quarrel, and the whole tendency is toward anarchy.

But one way in which we may avoid anarchy is by letting the people know

WHAT ANARCHY IS.

We must have the wreck pointed out in order to steer clear of it. Anarchy is abolition of right of property. It makes your store and your house and your money and your family mine, and mine yours. It is wholesale robbery. It is every man's hand against every other man. It is arson and murder and rapine and lust and

death triumphant. It means no law, no church, no defence, no rights, no happiness, no God. It means hell let loose on earth, and society a combination of devils incarnate. It means extermination of everything good and the coronation of everything infamous. Do you want it? Will you have it? Before you let it get a good foothold in America take a good look at the dragon.

Look at Paris, where for a few days it held sway, the gutters red with blood and the walks down the street a stepping between corpses, the Archbishop shot as he tries to quell the mob, and every man and woman armed with knife or pistol or bludgeon. Let this country take one good, clear, scrutinizing look at anarchy before it is admitted, and it will never be allowed to set up its reign in our borders. No; there is too much good sense dominant in this country to permit anarchy. All good people will, together with the officers of civil government, cry "Peace!" and it will be re-established. Meanwhile, my brotherly counsel is to

THREE CLASSES OF LABORERS.

First, to those who are at work. Stick to it. Do not amid the excitement of these times drop

your employment, hoping that something better will turn up. He who gives up work now, whether he be railroad man, mechanic, farmer, clerk, or any other kind of employee, will probably give it up for starvation. You may not like the line of steamers that you are sailing in, but do not jump overboard in the middle of the Atlantic. Be a little earlier than usual at your post of work while this turmoil lasts, and attend to your occupation with a little more assiduity than has ever characterized you.

My brotherly counsel, in the second place, is to those who have resigned work. It is best for you and best for everybody to go back immediately. Do not wait to see what others do. Get on board the train of national prosperity before it starts again, for start it will, start soon and start mightily. Last year in the city of New York there were 45 general strikes and 177 shop strikes. Successful strikes, 97; strikes lost, 34; strikes pending at the time the statistics were made, 59; strikes compromised, 32. Would you like me to tell you who will make the most out of the present almost universal strike? I can and will. Those will make the most out of it who go first to work.

My third word of brotherly advice is to the

nearly two million people who could not get work before this trouble began, and who have themselves and their families to support, to go now and take the vacated places. Go in and take those places a million and a half strong. Green hands you may be now, but you will not be green hands long. My sentiment is full liberty for all who want to strike to do so, and full liberty for all who want to take the vacated places. Other industries will open for those who are now taking vacation, for we have only opened the outside door of this continent, and there is room in this country for eight hundred million people, and for each one of them a home and a livelihood and a God!

PLENTY OF ROOM.

So, however others may feel about this excitement, as wide as the continent, I am not scared a bit. The storm will hush. Christ will put His foot upon it as upon agitated Galilee. As at the beginning, chaos will give place to order as the Spirit of God moves upon the waters. But hear it, workingmen of America! Your first step toward light and betterment of condition will be an assertion of your individual independence from the dictation of your fellow-

workmen. You are a free man, and let no organization come between you and your best interests. Do not let any man, or any body of men, tell you where you shall work, or where you shall not work, when you shall work, or when you shall not work. If a man wants to belong to a labor organization, let him belong. If he does not want to belong to a labor organization, let him have perfect liberty to stay out. You own yourself. Let no man put a manacle on your hand or foot or head or heart.

I belong to a ministerial association that meets once a week. I love all the members very much. We may help each other in a hundred ways, but when that association shall tell me to quit my work and go somewhere else; that I must stop right away because a brother minister has been badly treated down in Texas, I will say to that ministerial association, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" Furthermore, I have a right to resign my pastorate of this church and say to the people, "I decline to work for you any longer. I am going. Good-by." But I have no right, after I have quit this pulpit, to linger around the doors on Sunday mornings and evenings with a shot-gun to intimidate or hinder the minister who comes to take my

place. I may quit my place and continue to be a gentleman, but when I interfere with my successor in this pulpit I become a criminal, and deserve nothing better than thin soup in a tin bowl in Sing Sing Prison. Your first duty, oh laboring man, is to your family ! Let no one but Almighty God dictate to you how you shall support them. Work when you please, where you please, at what you please, and allow no one for a hundred millionth part of a second to interfere with your right. When we emerge from the present unhappiness, as we soon will, we shall find many tyrannies broken, and Labor and Capital will march shoulder to shoulder.

MUTUAL DEPENDENCE.

This day I declare the mutual dependence of Labor and Capital. An old tentmaker put it just right—I mean Paul—when he declared : “The eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee.” You have examined some elaborate machinery—a thousand wheels, a thousand bands, a thousand levers, a thousand pulleys, but all controlled by one great water-wheel, all the parts adjoined so that if you jarred one part you jarred all the parts. Well, society is a great piece of mechanism, a thousand wheels, a thou-

sand pulleys, a thousand levers, but all controlled by one great and ever-revolving force—the wheel of God's providence. The professions interdependent, all the trades interdependent. Capital and Labor interdependent, so that the man who lives in a mansion on the hill, and the man who breaks cobble-stones at the foot of the hill, affect each other's misfortune or prosperity. Dives cannot kick Lazarus without hurting his own foot. They who throw Shadrach into the furnace, get their own faces scorched and blackened. No such thing as independence. Smite society at any one point and you smite the entire community.

IDENTICAL INTERESTS.

Relief will come to the working-classes of this country through a better understanding between Capital and Labor. Before the contest goes much further it will be found that their interests are identical ; what helps one helps both ; what injures one injures both. Until the crack of doom there will be no relief for the working-classes until there is a better understanding between Labor and Capital and this war ends. Every speech that Capital makes against Labor is an adjournment of our national prosperity.

Every speech that Labor makes against Capital is an adjournment of our national prosperity. The capitalists of the country, so far as I know them, are successful laborers. If the capitalists in this house to-day would draw their gloves, you would see the broken finger-nail, the scar of an old blister, here and there a stiffened finger-joint. The great publishers of New York and Philadelphia, so far as I know them, were book-binders or printers on small pay. The carriage manufacturers of the country used to sandpaper the wagon-bodies in the wheelwright's shop.

PHILANTHROPIC CAPITALISTS.

Peter Cooper was a glue-maker. No one begrudged him his millions of dollars, for he built Cooper Institute and swung open its doors for every poor man's son, and said to the day laborer: "Send your boy up to my Institute if you want him to have a splendid education." And a young man of this church was the other day walking in Greenwood Cemetery, and he saw two young men putting flowers on the grave of Peter Cooper. My friend supposed the young men were relatives of Peter Cooper, and decorated his grave for that reason.

“No,” they said, “we put these flowers on his grave because it was through him we got our education.” Abraham Van Nest was a harness-maker in New York. Through economy and industry and skill he got a great fortune. He gave away to help others hundreds of thousands of dollars. I shall never forget the scene when I, a green country lad, stopped at his house, and after passing the evening with him he came to the door and came outside and said: “Here, De Witt, is fifty dollars to get books with. Don’t say anything about it.” And I never did till the good old man was gone. Henry Clay was “the Mill-boy of the Slashes.” Hugh Miller, a stone-mason; Columbus, a weaver; Halley, a soap-boiler; Arkwright, a barber; the learned Bloomfield, a shoemaker; Hogarth, an engraver of pewter plate, and Horace Greeley started life in New York with ten dollars and seventy-five cents in his pocket.

The distance between Capital and Labor is not a great gulf over which is swung a Niagara suspension bridge; it is only a step, and the laborers here will cross over and become capitalists, and the capitalists will cross over and become laborers. Would to God they would

shake hands while they are crossing, these from one side, and those from the other side.

WHO THE COMBATANTS ARE.

The combatants in this great conflict between Capital and Labor are chiefly, on the one side, the men of fortune, and, on the other hand, men who could get labor, but will not have it, will not stick to it. It is the hand cursing the eye, or the eye cursing the hand. I want it understood that the laborers are the highest style of capitalists. Where is their investment? In the bank? No. In railroad stock? No. Their muscles, their nerves, their bones, their mechanical skill, their physical health, are the highest kind of capital. The man who has two feet, and two ears, and two eyes, and ten fingers, owns a machinery that puts into nothingness Corliss's engine and all the railroad rolling stock, and all the carpet and screw and cotton factories on the planet. I wave the flag of truce this morning between these contestants. I demand a cessation of hostilities between Labor and Capital. What is good for one is good for both. What is bad for one is bad for both.

CO-OPERATION.

Again, relief will come to the working-classes of this country through co-operative association. I am not now referring to trade-unions. We may hereafter discuss that question. But I refer to that plan by which laborers become their own capitalists, taking their surpluses and putting them together and carrying on great enterprises. In England and Wales there are seven hundred and sixty-five co-operative associations, with three hundred thousand members, with a capital of fourteen millions of dollars, doing business in one year to the amount of fifty-seven millions dollars. In Troy, N. Y., there was a co-operative iron foundry association. It worked well long enough to give an idea of what could be accomplished when the experiment is fully developed.

You say that there have been great failures in that direction. I admit it. Every great movement at the start is a failure. The application of steam power a failure, electro-telegraphy a failure, railroading a failure, but after awhile the world's chief successes. I hear some say, "Why, it is absurd to talk of a surplus to be put into this co-operative association, when men

can hardly get enough to eat and wear and take care of their families." I reply, Put into my hand the money spent in the last five years in this country by the laboring classes for rum and tobacco, and I will start a co-operative institution of monetary power that will surpass any financial institution in the United States.

TAKEN INTO CONFIDENCE.

Again, I remark, that relief will come to the working-classes through more thorough discovery on the part of employers that it is best for them to let their employés know just how matters stand. The most of the capitalists of to-day are making less than six per cent., less than five per cent., less than four per cent., on their investments. Here and there is an anaconda swallowing down everything, but such are the exceptions. It is often the case that employés blame their employer because they suppose he is getting along grandly, when he is oppressed to the last point of oppression. I knew a manufacturer who employed more than a thousand hands. I said to him: "Do you ever have any trouble with your workmen? do you have any strikes?" "No," he said. "What! in this time of angry discussion be-

tween Capital and Labor, no trouble?" "None at all—none." I said: "How is that?" "Well," he said, "I have a way of my own. Every little while I call my employés together and I say,—‘Now, boys, I want to show you how matters stand. What you turned out this year brought so much. You see it isn’t as much as we got last year. I can’t afford to pay you as much as I did. Now, you know I put all my means in this business. What do you think ought to be my percentage, and what wages ought I to pay you? Come, let us settle this. And,” said that manufacturer, “we are always unanimous. When we suffer, we all suffer together. When we advance, we advance together, and my men would die for me.” But when a man goes among his employés with a supercilious air, and drives up to his factory as though he were the autocrat of the universe, with the sun and the moon in his vest-pockets, moving amid the wheels of the factory, chiefly anxious lest a greased or smirched hand should touch his immaculate broadcloth, he will see at the end he has made an awful mistake. I think that employers will find out after awhile that it is to their interest, as far as possible, to explain matters to their employés. You be

frank with them, and they will be frank with you.

Again, I remark, relief will come to the laboring classes through the religious rectification of the country. Labor is appreciated and rewarded just in proportion as a country is Christianized. Show me a community that is thoroughly infidel, and I will show you a community where wages are small. Show me a community that is thoroughly Christianized, and I will show you a community where wages are comparatively large. How do I account for it? The philosophy is easy. Our religion is a democratic religion. It makes the owner of the mill understand he is a brother to all the operatives in that mill. Born of the same heavenly Father, to lie down in the same dust, to be saved by the same supreme mercy. No putting on of airs in the sepulchre or in the judgment.

An engineer in a New England factory gets sleepy, and he does not watch the steam-gauge, and there is a wild thunder of explosion, and the owner of the mill and one of the workmen are slain. The two slain men come up toward the gate of heaven. The owner of the mill knocks at the gate. The celestial gate-keeper

cries, "Who is there?" The reply comes, "I was the owner of a factory at Fall River, where there was an explosion just now, and I lost my life, and I want to come in." "Why do you want to come in, and by what right do you come in?" asks the celestial gate-keeper. "Oh," says the man, "I employed two or three hundred hands! I was a great man at Fall River." "You employed two or three hundred men," says the gate-keeper, "but how much Christian grace did you employ?" "None at all," says the owner of the mill. "Step back," says the celestial gate-keeper; "no admittance here for you." Right after comes up the poor workman. He knocks at the gate. The shining gate-keeper says, "Who is there?" He says, "I am a poor workman; I come up from the explosion at Fall River; I would like to enter." "What is your right to come in here?" asks the shining gate-keeper. The workman says, "I heard that a shining Messenger came forth from your world to our world to redeem it; I have been a bad man; I used to swear when I hurt my hand with the wheel; I used to be angry; I have done a great many wrong things, but I confessed it all to the Messenger that came from your country, and after I confessed it He

told me to come up here; and that you may know I have a right to come, there is His name on the palm of my hand; here is his name on my forehead." Then there is a sound of working pulleys, and the gates lift, and the workingman goes in. There was a vast difference between the funerals at Fall River. The owner of the mill had a great funeral. The poor workingman had a small funeral. The man who came up on his own pompous resources was shut out of heaven. The poor man, trusting to the grace of Jesus Christ, entered. So, you see, it is

A DEMOCRATIC RELIGION.

I do not care how much money you have, you have not enough money to buy your way through the gate. My friends, you need to saturate our populations with the religion of Christ, and wages will be larger, employers will be more considerate, all the tides of thrift will set in. I have the highest authority for saying that godliness is profitable for the life that now is. It pays for the employer. It pays for the employé. The hard hand of the wheel and the soft hand of the counting-room will clasp each other yet. They will clasp each other in

congratulation. They will clasp each other on the glorious morning of the Millennium. The hard hand will say, "I ploughed the desert into a garden;" the soft hand will reply, "I furnished the seed." The one hand will say, "I thrashed the mountains;" the other hand will say, "I paid for the flail." The one hand will say, "I hammered the spear into a pruning-hook;" and the other hand will answer, "I signed the treaty of peace that made that possible." Then Capital and Labor will lie down together, and the lion and the lamb, and the leopard and the kid, and there will be nothing to hurt or destroy in all God's holy mount, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

THE TREATMENT OF EMPLOYÉS.

"If ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another."—*Gal.* 5:15.

"Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.—*Phil.* 2:4.

THE labor agitation will soon quiet. The mills will again open, the railroads resume their traffic, our national prosperities again start. Of course, the damage done by the strikes cannot immediately be repaired. Wages will not be so high as they were. Spasmodically they may be higher, but they will drop lower. Strikes, whether right or wrong, always injure laborers more than the capitalists. You will see this in the starvation of next winter. Boycotting and violence and murder never pay. They are different

STAGES OF ANARCHY.

God never blessed murder. The worst use you can put a man to is to kill him. Blow up to-morrow all the country seats on the banks of the Hudson, and all the fine houses on Madison Square, and Brooklyn Heights, and

Brooklyn Hill, and Rittenhouse Square, and Beacon Street, and all the bricks and timber and stones will just fall back on the bare head of American labor.

The worst enemies of the working classes in the United States and Ireland are their demented coadjutors. Assassination — the assassinations of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phoenix Park, Dublin, Ireland, in the attempt to avenge the wrongs of Ireland, only turned away from that afflicted people millions of sympathizers. The attempts to blow up the House of Commons, in London, had only this effect—to throw out of employment tens of thousands of innocent Irish people in England. In this country the torch put to the factories that have discharged hands for good or bad reasons; obstructions on the rail-tracks, in front of midnight express trains, because the offenders do not like the president of the company; strikes on shipboard the hour they were going to sail, or in printing offices the hour the paper was to go to press, or in the mines the day the coal was to be delivered, or on house scaffoldings so the builder fails in keeping his contract—all these are only a hard blow on the head of American labor, and crip-

ple its arms, and lame its feet, and pierce its heart. Traps sprung suddenly upon employers and violence never took one knot out of the knuckles of toil, or put one farthing of wages into a callous palm. Barbarism will never cure the wrongs of civilization. Mark that !

A KING THREATENED BY A MILLER.

Frederick the Great admired some land near his palace at Potsdam, and he resolved to get it. It was owned by a miller. He offered the miller three times the value of the property. The miller would not take it because it was the old homstead, and he felt much as Naboth felt about his vineyard when Ahab wanted it. Frederick the Great was a rough and terrible man, and he ordered the miller into his presence, and the king with a stick in his hand—a stick with which he sometimes struck the officers of State—said to the miller : “ Now, I have offered you three times the value of that property, and if you won’t sell it I’ll take it anyhow.” The miller said : “ Your Majesty, you won’t.” “ Yes,” said the king, “ I will take it.” “ Then,” said the miller, “ if your Majesty does take it I will sue you in the Chancery Court.” At that threat Frederick the Great yielded his

infamous demand. And the most imperious outrage against the working classes will yet cower before the law. Violence and opposition to the law will never accomplish anything, but righteousness and according to the law will accomplish it.

THE WIDENING CHASM.

But gradually the damages done the laborer by the strikes will be repaired, and some important things ought now to be said. The whole tendency of our times, as you have noticed, is to make the chasm between employer and employé wider and wider. In olden time the head man of the factory, the master builder, the capitalist, the head man of the firm, worked side by side with their employés, working sometimes at the same bench, dining at the same table; and there are those here who can remember the time when the clerks of large commercial establishments were accustomed to board with the head men of the firm.

All that is changed, and the tendency is to make the distance between employer and employé wider and wider. The tendency is to make the employé feel that he is wronged by the success of the capitalist, and to make the

capitalist feel : " Now, my laborers are only beasts of burden ; I must give so much money for so much drudgery, just so many pieces of silver for so many beads of sweat." In other words, the bridge of sympathy is broken down at both ends. That feeling was well described by Thomas Carlyle when he said : " Plugson, of St. Dolly Undershot, buccaneer-like, says to his men : ' Noble spinners, this is the hundredth thousand we have gained, wherein I mean to dwell and plant my vineyards. The hundred thousand pound is mine, the daily wage was yours. Adieu, noble spinners ; drink my health with this groat each, which I give you over and above.' "

Now, what we want is to rebuild that bridge of sympathy, and I put the trowel to one of the abutments to-day, and I preach more especially this morning to employers as such, although what I have to say will be appropriate to all who are in the house.

THREE BRUTAL PRINCIPLES.

The outrageous behavior of a multitude of laborers toward their employers during the last three months—behavior infamous and worthy of most condign punishment—may have in-

duced some employers to neglect the real Christian duties that they owe to those whom they employ. Therefore I want to say to you whom I confront face to face, and those to whom these words may come, that all ship-owners, all capitalists, all commercial firms, all master builders, all housewives, are bound to be interested in the entire welfare of their subordinates. Years ago some one gave three prescriptions for becoming a millionaire: First, spend your life in getting and keeping the earnings of other people; secondly, have no anxiety about the worriments, the losses, the disappointments of others; thirdly, do not mind the fact that your vast wealth implies the poverty of a great many people. Now, there is not a man in my audience who would consent to go out into life with those three principles to earn a fortune. It is your desire to do your whole duty to the men and women in your service.

THE RATE OF PAY.

First of all, then, pay as large wages as are reasonable and as your business will afford. Not necessarily what others pay, certainly not what your hired help say you must pay, for that is tyranny on the part of labor unbearable.

The right of a laborer to tell his employer what he must pay implies the right of an employer to compel a man into a service whether he will or not, and either of those ideas is despicable. When an employer allows a laborer to say what he must do or have his business ruined, and the employer submits to it, he does every business man in the United States a wrong, and yields to a principle which, carried out, would dissolve society. Look over your affairs, and put yourselves in imagination in your laborer's place, and then pay him what before God and your own conscience you think you ought to pay him.

"God bless you" are well in their place, but they do not buy coal nor pay house rent nor get shoes for the children. At the same time you, the employer, ought to remember through what straits and strains you got the fortune by which you built your store or run the factory. You are to remember that you take all the risks and the employè takes none, or scarcely any. You are to remember that there may be reverses in fortune, and that some new style of machinery may make your machinery valueless, or some new style of tariff set your business back hopelessly and forever.

You must take all that into consideration, and then pay what is reasonable.

BIBLE INJUNCTIONS.

Do not be too ready to cut down wages. As far as possible pay all, and pay promptly. There is a great deal of Bible teaching on this subject. Malachi : "I will be a swift witness against all sorcerers, and against all adulterers, and against those who oppress the hireling in his wages." Leviticus : "Thou shalt not keep the wages of the hireling all night unto the morning." Colossians : "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal ; knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven."

So you see it is not a question between you and your employé so much as it is a question between you and God.

Do not say to your employés : "Now, if you don't like this place get another," when you know they cannot get another. As far as possible once a year visit at their homes your clerks and your workmen. That is the only way you can become acquainted with their wants. You will by such process find out that there is a blind parent or a sick sister being supported. You will find some of your young

men in rooms without any fire in winter, and in summer sweltering in ill-ventilated apartments. You will find how much depends on the wages you pay or withhold.

BENEFACTANT EMPLOYERS.

Moreover, it is your duty as employer, as far as possible, to mould the welfare of the employé. You ought to advise him about investments, about life insurance, about savings banks. You ought to give him the benefit of your experience. There are hundreds and thousands of employers in this country and England, I am glad to say, who are settling in the very best possible way the destiny of their employés. Such men as Marshall, of Leeds; Lister, of Bradford; Akroyd, of Halifax; and men so near at home it might offend their modesty, if I mentioned their names. These men have built reading-rooms, libraries, concert halls, afforded croquet lawns, cricket grounds, gymnasiums, choral societies for their employés, and they have not merely paid the wages on Saturday night, but through the contentment and the thrift and the good morals of their employés, they are paying wages from generation to generation forever.

Again, I counsel all employers to look well after the physical health of their subordinates. Do not put on them any unnecessary fatigue. I never could understand why the drivers on our city cars must stand all day when they might just as well sit down and drive. It seems to me most unrighteous that so many of the female clerks in our stores should be compelled to stand all day, and through those hours when there are but few or no customers. These people have aches and annoyance and weariness enough without putting upon them additional fatigue. Unless those female clerks must go up and down on the business of the store, let them sit down.

Then, I would have you carry out this sanitary idea, and put into as few hours as possible the work of the day. Some time ago—whether it has been changed I know not—there were one thousand grocer clerks in Brooklyn who went to business at five o'clock in the morning and continued until ten o'clock at night. Now, that is inhuman. It seems to me all the merchants in all departments ought, by simultaneous movement, to come out in behalf of the early closing theory. These young men ought to have an opportunity of going to the Mercan-

tile Library, to the reading-rooms, to the concert hall, to the gymnasium, to the church. They have nerves, they have brains, they have intellectual aspirations, they have immortal spirits. If they can do a good round day's work in the ten or eleven hours, you have no right to keep them harnessed for seventeen.

But, above all, I charge you, O employers ! that you look after the moral and spiritual welfare of your employés. First, know where they spend their evenings. That decides everything. You do not want around your money drawer a young man who went last night to see *Jack Sheppard* ! A man that comes into the store in the morning ghastly with midnight revelry is not the man for your store. The young man who spends his evenings in the society of refined women, or in musical or artistic circles, or in literary improvement, is the young man for your store.

THE GUARDIAN OF EMPLOYÉS.

Do not say of these young men : " If they do their work in the business hours, that is all I have to ask." God has made you that man's guardian. I want you to understand that many of these young men are orphans, or worse

than orphans, flung out into society to struggle for themselves. A young man is pitched into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, and a plank is pitched after him, and then he is told to take that and swim ashore. Treat that young man as you would like to have your son treated if you were dead. Do not tread on him. Do not swear at him. Do not send him on a useless errand. Say "Good-morning" and "Good-night" and "Good-by." You are deciding that man's destiny for two worlds.

One of my earliest remembrances is of

OLD ARTHUR TAPPAN.

There were many differences of opinion about his politics, but no one who ever knew Arthur Tappan, and knew him well, doubted his being an earnest Christian. In his store in New York he had a room where every morning he called his employés together, and he prayed with them, read the Scriptures to them, sang with them, and then they entered on the duties of the day. On Monday morning the exercises differed, and he gathered the young men together and asked them where they had attended church, what had been their Sabbath experiences, and what had been the sermon.

Samuel Budgett had the largest business in the west of England. He had in a room of his warehouse a place pleasantly furnished with comfortable seats and "Fletcher's Family Devotions" and Wesleyan Hymn-books, and he gathered his employés together every morning, and having sung, they knelt down and prayed side by side—the employer and the employés. Do you wonder at that man's success, and that though thirty years before he had been a partner in a small retail shop in a small village, at his death he bequeathed many millions. God can trust such a man as that with plenty of money.

SIR TITUS SALT

had wealth which was beyond computation, and at Saltaire, England, he had a church and a chapel built and supported by himself—the church for those who preferred the Episcopal service, and the chapel for those who preferred the Methodist service. At the opening of one of his factories he gave a great dinner, and there were thirty-five hundred people present, and in his after-dinner speech he said to these people gathered: "I cannot look around me and see this vast assemblage of friends and work-people

without being moved. I feel greatly honored by the presence of the nobleman at my side, and I am especially delighted at the presence of my work-people. I hope to draw around me a population that will enjoy the beauties of this neighborhood—a population of well-paid, contented, happy operatives. I have given instructions to my architects that nothing is to be spared to render the dwellings of the operatives a pattern to the country, and if my life is spared by Divine Providence, I hope to see contentment, satisfaction, and happiness around me.”

That is Christian character demonstrated. There are others in this country and in other lands on a smaller scale doing their best for their employés. They have not forgotten their own early struggles. They remember how they were discouraged, how hungry they were, and how cold and how tired they were, and though they may be sixty or seventy years of age, they know just how a boy feels between ten and twenty, and how a young man feels between twenty and thirty. They have not forgotten it. Those wealthy employers were not originally let down out of heaven with pulleys of silk in a wicker basket, satin-lined,

fanned by cherubic wings. They started in roughest cradle, on whose rocker misfortune put her violent foot, and tipped them into the cold world. Those old men are sympathetic with boys.

LOOK AFTER THE FOREMAN.

But you are not only to be kind to those who are under you—Christianly kind—but you are also to see that your boss workman, and your head clerks, and your agents, and your overseers in stores are kind to those under them. Sometimes a man will get a little brief authority in a store or in a factory, and while they are very courteous to you, the capitalist, or to you, the head man of the firm, they are most brutal in their treatment of those under them. God only knows what some of the lads suffer in the cellars and in the lofts of some of our great establishments. They have no one to appeal to. The time will come when their arm will be strong, and they can defend themselves, but not now. Alas! for some of the cash boys and the messenger boys and the boys that sweep the store. Alas! for some of them. Now, you capitalist, you, the head man of the firm, must look, supervise, see

those all around you, investigate all beneath you.

BE MERCIFUL.

And, then, I charge you not to put unnecessary temptation in the way of your young men. Do not keep large sums of money lying around unguarded. Know how much money there is in the till. Do not have the account books loosely kept. There are temptations inevitable to young men, and enough of them, without your putting any unnecessary temptations in their way. Men in Wall Street, having thirty years of reputation for honesty, have dropped into Sing Sing and perdition, and you must be careful how you try a lad of fifteen. And if he do wrong, do not pounce on him like a hyena. If he prove himself unworthy of your confidence, do not call in the police, but take him home, tell why you dismissed him to those who will give him another chance. Many a young man has done wrong once who will never do wrong again. Ah! my friends, I think we can afford to give everybody another chance, when God knows we should all have been in perdition if He had not given us ten thousand chances.

Then, if in moving around your factory, or

mill, or barn, or store you are inexorable with young men, God will remember it. Some day the wheel of fortune will turn, and you will be a pauper, and your daughter will go to the workhouse, and your son will die on the scaffold. If in moving among your young men you see one with an ominous pallor of cheek, or you hear him coughing behind the counter, say to him : " Stay home a day or two and rest, or go out and breathe the breath of the hills." If his mother die, do not demand that on the day after the funeral he be in the store. Give him, at least, a week to get over that which he will never get over.

A BRAVE GENERAL.

Employers, urge upon your employés, above all, a religious life. So far from that, how is it, young men? Instead of being cheered on the road to heaven, some of you are caricatured, and it is a hard thing for you to keep your Christian integrity in that store or factory where there are so many hostile to religion. Ziethen, a brave general under Frederick the Great, was a Christian. Frederick the Great was an infidel. One day Ziethen, the venerable, white-haired general, asked to be excused

from military duty that he might attend the holy sacrament. He was excused. A few days after Ziethen was dining with the king and with many notables of Prussia, when Frederick the Great, in a jocose way, said: "Well, Ziethen, how did the sacrament of last Friday digest?" The venerable old warrior arose, and said: "For your Majesty I have risked my life many a time on the battle-field, and for your Majesty I would be willing any time to die; but you do wrong when you insult the Christian religion. You will forgive me if I, your old military servant, cannot bear in silence any insult to my Lord and my Saviour." Frederick the Great leaped to his feet, and he put out his hand, and he said: "Happy Ziethen, forgive me, forgive me!"

Oh, there are many being scoffed at for their religion! and I thank God there are many men as brave as Ziethen. Go to heaven yourself, O employer! Take all your people with you. Soon you will be through buying and selling, and through with manufacturing and building, and God will ask you: "Where are all those people over whom you had so great influence? Are they here? Will they be here?" O shipowners! into what harbor will

your crew sail? Oh, you merchant grocers! are those young men that under your care are providing food for the bodies and families of men, to go starved forever? Oh, you manufacturers of this United States! with so many wheels flying, and so many bands pulling, and so many new patterns turned out, and so many goods shipped, are the spinners, are the carmen, are the draymen, are the salesmen, are the watchers of your establishments working out everything but their own salvation? Can it be that, having those people under your care five, ten, twenty years, you have made no everlasting impression for good on their immortal souls? God turn us all back from such selfishness, and teach us to live for others and not for ourselves. Christ sets us the example of sacrifice, and so do many of His disciples.

A SELF-SACRIFICING PHYSICIAN.

One summer in California a gentleman who had just removed from the Sandwich Islands told me this incident. He said one of the Sandwich Islands is devoted to lepers. People getting sick of the leprosy on the other islands are sent to that isle of lepers. They never come off. They are in different stages of dis-

ease, but all who die on that island die of leprosy.

On one of the islands there was a physician who always wore his hand gloved, and it was often discussed why he always had a glove on that hand under all circumstances. One day he came to the authorities, and he withdrew his glove, and he said to the officers of the law: "You see on that hand a spot of the leprosy, and that I am doomed to die. I might hide this for a little while and keep away from the isle of lepers; but I am a physician, and I can go on that island and administer to the sufferings of those who are farther gone in the disease, and I should like to go now. It would be selfish in me to stay amid these luxurious surroundings when I might be of so much help to the wretched. Send me to the isle of the lepers." They, seeing the spot of leprosy, of course took the man into custody. He bade farewell to his family and his friends. It was an agonizing farewell. He could never see them again. He was taken to the isle of the lepers, and there wrought among the sick until prostrated by his own death, which at last came. Oh, that was magnificent self-denial, magnificent sacrifice, only surpassed by that of Him

who exiled Himself from his home in heaven to this leprous island of a world, that He might physician our wounds, and weep our griefs, and die our deaths, turning the isle of a leprous world into a great blooming, paradisical garden! Whether employer or employé, let us catch that spirit.

HARDSHIPS OF WORKINGMEN.

"So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smiteth the anvil."—*Isa.* 41:7.

You have seen in factories a piece of mechanism passing from hand to hand, and from room to room, and one mechanic will smite it, and another will flatten it, and another will chisel it, and another will polish it, until the work be done. And so the prophet describes the idols of olden times as being made, part of them by one hand, part of them by another hand. Carpentry comes in, gold-beating comes in, smithery comes in, and three or four styles of mechanism are employed. "So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smote the anvil." When they met, they talked over their work, and they helped each other on with it. It was a very bad kind of business; it was making idols which were an insult to the Lord of heaven. I have thought if men in bad work can

ENCOURAGE EACH OTHER,

ought not men engaged in honest artisanship and mechanism speak words of good cheer?

Men see in their own work hardships and trials, while they recognize no hardships or trials in anybody else's occupation. Every man's burden is the heaviest, and every woman's task is the hardest. We find people wanting to get other occupations and professions. I suppose, when the merchant comes home at night, his brain hot with the anxieties of commercial toil, disappointed and vexed, agitated about the excitements in the money markets, he says, "Oh, I wish I were a mechanic! When his day's work is done, the mechanic lies down; he is healthy in body, healthy in mind, and healthy in soul, but I can't sleep;" while, at that very moment, the mechanic is wishing he was a banker or a merchant. He says, "Then I could always have on beautiful apparel; then I could move in the choicest circles; then I could bring up my children in a very different sphere from that in which I am compelled to bring them up." Now, the beauty of our holy religion is that

GOD LOOKS DOWN UPON ALL

the occupations and professions, and while I cannot understand your annoyances and you cannot understand mine, God understands them all. He knows all about the troubles of these men mentioned in my text—the carpenter who encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer, and the gold-beaters.

I will speak this morning of the general hardships of the working-classes. You may not belong to this class, but you are bound as Christian men and women to know their sorrows and sympathize with them, and as political economists to come to their rescue. There is great danger that the prosperous classes, because of the bad things that have been said by the false friends of labor, shall conclude that all this labor trouble is a “hullabaloo” about nothing. Do not go off on that tangent. You would not, neither would I, submit without protest to the oppressions to which many of our laborers are subjected.

ANARCHISTS REPUDIATED.

You do a great wrong to the laboring classes if you hold them responsible for the work of

the scoundrelly Anarchists. You cannot hate their deeds more thoroughly than do all the industrial classes. At the head of the chief organ of the Knights of Labor, in big letters, I find the following vigorous disclaimer:

“Let it be understood by all the world that the Knights of Labor have no affiliation, association, sympathy or respect for the band of cowardly murderers, cut-throats, and robbers, known as Anarchists, who sneak through the country like midnight assassins, stirring up the passions of ignorant foreigners, unfurling the red flag of anarchy and causing riot and bloodshed. Parsons, Spies, Fielding, Most, and all their followers, sympathizers, aiders, and abettors, should be summarily dealt with. They are entitled to no more consideration than wild beasts. The leaders are cowards and their followers are fools.”

You may do your duty toward your employés, but many do not, and the biggest business firm in America to-day is Grip, Gouge,

GRIND AND COMPANY.

Look, for instance, at the woes of the womanly toilers, who have not made any strike and

who are dying by the thousands, and dying by inches. I read a few lines from the last Labor Report, just out, as specimens of what female employés endure: "Poisoned hands and cannot work. Had to sue the man for fifty cents!" Another: "About four months of the year can, by hard work, earn a little more than *three dollars per week*." Another: "She now makes wrappers at one dollar per dozen; can make eight wrappers per day." Another: "We girls in our establishment have the following fines imposed: for washing your hands, twenty-five cents; eating a piece of bread at your loom, one dollar; also sitting on a stool, taking a drink of water, and many trifling things too numerous to mention." "Some of the worst villains of our cities are the employers of these women. They beat them down to the last penny, and try to cheat them out of that. The woman must deposit a dollar or two before she gets the garments to work on. When the work is done it is sharply inspected, the most insignificant flaw is picked out, and the wages refused and sometimes the dollar deposited not given back. The Woman's Protective Union reports a case where one of the poor souls, finding a place where

she could get more wages, resolved to change employers, and went to get her pay for work done. The employer says, 'I hear you are going to leave me?' 'Yes,' she said, 'and I have come to get what you owe me.' He made no answer. She said: 'Are you not going to pay me?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I will pay you,' and he kicked her down stairs." I never swore a word in all my life, but I confess that when I read that I felt a stirring within me that was not at all devotional.

UNDERPAID WOMEN.

By what principle of justice is it that women in many of our cities get only two thirds as much as men, and in many cases only half? Here is the gigantic injustice, that for work equally well, if not better done, woman receives far less compensation than man. Start with the National Government. Women clerks in Washington get nine hundred dollars for doing that for which men receive eighteen hundred dollars. The wheel of oppression is rolling over the necks of thousands of women who are at this moment in despair about what they are to do. Many of the largest mercantile establishments of our cities are accessory

to these abominations, and from their large establishments there are scores of souls being pitched off into death, and their employers know it. Is there a God? Will there be a judgment? I tell you, if God rises up to redress woman's wrongs, many of our large establishments will be swallowed up quicker than a South American earthquake ever took down a city. God will catch these oppressors between the mill-stones of His wrath, and grind them to powder.

Why is it that a female principal in a school gets only eight hundred and twenty-five dollars for doing work for which a male principal gets sixteen hundred and fifty dollars? I hear from all this land the wail of womanhood. Man has nothing to answer to that wail but flatteries. He says she is an angel. She is not. She knows she is not. She is a human being who gets hungry when she has no food, and cold when she has no fire. Give her no more flatteries; give her justice! There are sixty-five thousand sewing-girls in New York and Brooklyn. Across the sunlight comes their death groan. It is not such a cry as comes from those who are suddenly hurled out of life, but a slow, grinding, horrible wasting

away. At a large meeting of these women held in a hall in Philadelphia, grand speeches were delivered, but a needlewoman took the stand, threw aside her faded shawl, and with her shrivelled arm hurled a very thunderbolt of eloquence, speaking out the horrors of her own experience. Stand at the corner of a street at six or seven o'clock in the morning, as the women go to work. Many of them had no breakfast except the crumbs that were left over from the night before, or the crumbs they chew on their way through the street. Here they come !

THE WORKING-GIRLS OF NEW YORK

and Brooklyn. These engaged in head work, these in flower-making, in millinery, paper-box making ; but, most overworked of all and least compensated, the sewing-women. Why do they not take the city cars on their way up ? They cannot afford the five cents. If, concluding to deny herself something else, she gets into the car, give her a seat. You want to see how Latimer and Ridley appeared in the fire. Look at that woman and behold a more horrible martyrdom, a hotter fire, a more agonizing death. Ask that woman how much she gets

for her work, and she will tell you six cents for making coarse shirts and finds her own thread.

I speak more fitly of woman's wrongs because she has not been heard in the present agitation. You know more of what men have suffered. I said to a colored man who, in Missouri, last March, came into my room in the morning to build my fire: "Sam, how much wages do you people get around here?" He replied: "Ten dollars a month, sir!" I asked: "Have you a family?" "Yes," said he, "wife and children." Think of it—a hundred and twenty dollars a year to support a family on! My friends, there is in this world

SOMETHING AWFULLY ATWIST.

When I think of these things, I am not bothered as some of my brethren with the abstract questions as to why God let sin come into the world. The only wonder with me is that God don't smash this world up and start another in place of it.

One great trial that the working-classes feel is

PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION.

There are athletes who go out to their work at six or seven o'clock in the morning, and come

back at night as fresh as when they started. They turn their back upon the shuttle or the forge or the rising wall, and they come away elastic and whistling. That is the exception. I have noticed that when the factory bell taps for six o'clock, the hard-working man wearily puts his arm into his coat-sleeve and starts for home. He sits down in the family circle, resolved to make himself agreeable, to be the means of culture and education to his children, but in five minutes he is sound asleep. He is fagged out—strength of body, mind, and soul utterly exhausted. He rises in the morning only half rested from the toil. Indeed, he will never have any perfect rest in this world until he gets into one narrow spot which is the only perfect rest for the human body in this world. I think they call it a grave!

Has toil frosted the color of your cheeks? Has it taken all spontaneity from your laughter? Has it subtracted the spring from your step and the lustre from your eye until it has left you only half the man you were when you first put your hand on the hammer and your foot on the wheel? To-morrow, in your place of toil, listen, and you will hear a voice above the hiss of the furnace and the groan of the

foundry and the clatter of the shuttle—a voice not of machinery, nor of the task-master, but the voice of an all-sympathetic God, as He says, “Come unto Me, all you who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” Let all men and women of toil remember that this work will soon be over. Have they not heard that there is a great holiday coming? Oh, that home, and no long walk to get to it! Oh, that bread, and no sweating toil necessary to earn it! Oh, these deep wells of eternal rapture, and no heavy buckets to draw up! I wish they would put their head on this pillow stuffed with the down from the wing of all God’s promises: “There remaineth a rest for the people of God.”

Do you say, “We have sewing-machines now in our great cities, and the trouble is gone?” No; it is not. I see a great many women wearing themselves out amid the hardships of the sewing-machine. A Christian man went into a house of a good deal of destitution in New York, and he saw a poor woman there with a sick child, and he was telling the woman how good a Christian she ought to be, and how she ought to put her trust in God. “Oh,” she said, “I have no God; I work from Monday

morning until Saturday night and I get no rest, and I never hear anything that does my soul any good ; and when Sunday comes, I haven't any bonnet that I can wear to church, and I have sometimes got down to pray and then I got up, saying to my husband, 'My dear, there's no use of my praying ; I am so distracted I can't pray ; it don't do any good !' Oh, sir, it is very hard to work on as we people do from year to year, and to see nothing bright ahead, and to see the poor little child getting thinner and thinner, and my man almost broken down, and to be getting no nearer to God, but to be getting farther away from him ! Oh, if I were only ready to die !" May God comfort all who toil with the needle and the sewing-machine, and have compassion on those borne down under the fatigues of life.

Another great trial is

PRIVATION OF TASTE

and sentiment. I do not know of anything much more painful than to have a fine taste for painting and sculpture and music and glorious sunsets and the expanse of the blue sky, and yet not to be able to get the dollar for the oratorio, or to get a picture, or to buy one's way

into the country to look at the setting sun and at the bright heavens. While there are men in great affluence, who have around them all kinds of luxuries in art, themselves entirely unable to appreciate these luxuries—buying their books by the square foot, their pictures sent to them by some artist who is glad to get the miserable daubs out of the studio—there are multitudes of refined, delicate women, who are born artists, and shall reign in the kingdom of heaven as artists, who are denied every picture and every sweet song and every musical instrument. Oh, let me cheer such persons by telling them to look up and behold the inheritance that God has reserved for them !

A HEART-BREAKING PICTURE.

Then there are a great many who suffer not only in the privation of their taste, but in the apprehensions and the oppressive surroundings of life that were well described by an English writer. He said : “ To be a poor man’s child, and look through the rails of the playground, and envy richer boys for the sake of their many books, and yet to be doomed to ignorance. To be apprenticed to some harsh stranger, and feel forever banished from a mother’s tenderness

and a sister's love. To work when very weary, and work when the heart is sick and the head is sore. To see a wife or a darling child wasting away, and not to be able to get the best advice. To think that the better food or purer air might set her up again, but that food you cannot buy, that air you must never hope to breathe. To be obliged to let her die. To come home from the daily task some evening, and see her sinking. To sit up all night in hope to catch again those precious words you might have heard could you have afforded to stay at home all day, but never hear them. To have no mourners at the funeral, and even to have to carry on your own shoulder through the merry streets the light deal coffin. To see huddled into a promiscuous hole the dust which is so dear to you, and not venture to mark the spot by planted flower or lowliest stone."

But I have no time this morning longer to dwell upon the hardships and the trials of those who toil with hand and foot, for I must go on to offer some grand and

GLORIOUS ENCOURAGEMENTS

for such; and the first encouragement is, that one of the greatest safeguards against evil is

plenty to do. When men sin against the law of their country, where do the police detectives go to find them? Not amid the dust of factories, not among those who have on their "overalls," but among those who stand with their hands in their pockets around the doors of saloons and restaurants and taverns. Active employment is one of the greatest sureties for a pure and upright life. There are but very few men with character stalwart enough to endure consecutive idleness.

I see a pool of water in the country, and I say, "Thou slimy, fetid thing, what does all this mean? Didn't I see you playing with those shuttles and turning that grist-mill?" "Oh, yes," says the water, "I used to earn my living." I say again, "Then what makes you look so sick? Why are you covered with this green scum? Why is your breath so vile?" "Oh," says the water, "I have nothing to do. I am disgusted with shuttles and wheels. I am going to spend my whole lifetime here, and while yonder stream sings on its way down the mountain side, here I am left to fester and die accursed of God because I have nothing to do!" Sin is

AN OLD PIRATE

that bears down on vessels whose sails are flapping idly in the wind. The arrow of sin has hard work to puncture the leather of an old working-apron. Be encouraged by the fact that your shops, your rising walls, your anvils are fortresses in which you may hide, and from which you may fight against the temptations of your life. Morning, noon, and night, Sundays and week-days, thank God for plenty to do.

Another encouragement is the fact that their families are going to have the very best opportunity for development and usefulness. That may sound strange to you, but

THE CHILDREN OF FORTUNE

are very apt to turn out poorly. In nine cases out of ten the lad finds out if a fortune is coming, by twelve years of age ; he finds out there is no necessity of toil, and he makes no struggle, and a life without struggle goes into dissipation or stupidity. You see the sons of wealthy parents going out into the world, inane, nerveless, dyspeptic, or they are incorrigible and reckless, while the son of the porter that kept the gate learns his trade, gets a robust physical consti-

tution, achieves high moral culture, and stands in the front rank of Church and State.

Who are the men mightiest in our Legislatures and Congress and Cabinets? Did they walk up the steep of life in silver slippers? Oh, no. The mother put him down under the tree in the shade, while she spread the hay. Many of these mighty men ate out of an iron spoon and drank out of the roughest earthenware—their whole life a forced march. They never had any luxuries until, after awhile, God gave them affluence and usefulness and renown as a reward for their persistence. Remember, then, that though you may have poor surroundings and small means for the education of your children, they are actually starting under better advantages than though you had a fortune to give them. Hardship and privation are not a damage to them, but an advantage. Akenside rose to his eminent sphere from his father's butcher-shop. Robert Burns started as a shepherd. Prideau used to sweep Exeter College. Gifford was a shoemaker, and the son of every man of toil may rise to heights of intellectual and moral power if he will only trust God and keep busy.

Again, I offer as encouragement that you

have so many opportunities of gaining information. Plato gave thirteen hundred dollars for two books. The Countess of Anjou gave two hundred sheep for one volume. Jerome ruined himself financially by buying one copy of Origen. Oh, the contrast ! Now there are tens of thousands of pens gathering up information. Typesetters are calling for "copy." All our cities quake with the rolling cylinders of the Harpers and the Appletons and the Lippincotts and the Petersons and the Ticknors, and you now buy more than Benjamin Franklin ever knew for fifty cents ! There are people who toil from seven o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night who know more about anatomy than the old physiologists, and who know more about astronomy than the old philosophers. If you should take the learned men of two hundred years ago and put them on one bench, and take twenty children from the common schools in Brooklyn and put them down on the other bench, the children could examine the philosophers, and the philosophers could not examine the children. "Ah !" says Isaac Newton, coming up and talking to some intelligent lad of seven years, "What is that ?" "Oh, that is a rail-train !" "What is that ?" "That

is a telegraph." "What is that?" "It is a telephone." "Dear me! I think I shall go back to my bed in the dust, for I am bewildered and my head turns." Oh, rejoice that you have all these opportunities of information spread out before you, and that, seated in your chair at home, by the evening light, you can look over all nations and see the ascending morn of a universal day.

TOIL A DISCIPLINE.

One more encouragement: Your toils in this world are only intended to be a discipline by which you shall be prepared for heaven. "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy," and tell you that Christ, the carpenter of Nazareth, is the workingman's Christ. You get His love once in your heart, O workingman! and you can sing on the wall in the midst of the storm, and in the shop amid the shoving of the plane, and down in the mine amid the plunge of the crowbar, and on shipboard while climbing ratlines. If you belong to the Lord Jesus Christ, He will count the drops of sweat on your brow. He knows every ache and every pain you have ever suffered in your worldly occupation. Are you weary? He will give

you rest. Are you sick? He will give you health. Are you cold? He will wrap around you the warm mantle of His eternal love.

And besides that, my friends, you must remember, that all this is

ONLY PREPARATORY—

a prefatory and introductory. I see a great multitude before the throne of God. Who are they? "Oh," you say, "those are princes; they must have always been in a royal family; they dress like princes, they walk like princes, they are princes; there are none of the common people there; none of the people that ever toiled with hand and foot!" Ah! you are mistaken. Who is that bright spirit before the throne? Why, that was a sewing-girl who, work as she could, could make but two shillings the day. What are those kings and queens before the throne? Many of them went up from Birmingham mills and from Lowell carpet factories.

THE SONG OF THE REDEEMED.

And now I hear a sound like the rustling of robes, and now I see a taking up of harps as though they were going to strike a thanksgiving

anthem, and all the children of the saw, and the disciples of the shuttle are in glorious array, and they lift a song so clear and sweet I wish you could hear it. It would make the pilgrim's burden very light, and the pilgrim's journey very short. Not one weak voice or hoarse throat in that great assemblage. The accord is as perfect as though they had been all eternity practising, and I ask them what is the name of that song they sing before the throne, and they tell me it is the song of the redeemed working-people. And the angel cries out: "Who are these so near the throne?" and the answer comes back: "These are they who came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

MONOPOLY AND COMMUNISM.

“Thy land shall be married.”—*Isa.* 62:4.

As the greater includes the less, so does the circle of future joy around our entire world include the epicycle of our own republic. Bold, exhilarant, unique, divine imagery of the text ! So many are depressed by the labor agitation, and think everything in this country is going to pieces, I preach this morning a sermon of good cheer, and anticipate the time when the Prince of Peace and the Heir of Universal Dominion shall take possession of this nation and “Thy land shall be married.”

In discussing the final destiny of this nation, it makes all the difference in the world whether we are on the way to a funeral or a wedding. The Bible leaves no doubt on this subject. In pulpits, and on platforms, and in places of public concourse I hear so many of the muffled drums of evil prophecy sounded, as though we were on the way to national interment, and beside Thebes, and Babylon, and Tyre in the cemetery of dead nations our republic was to be en-

tombed, that I wish you to understand it is not to be obsequies, but nuptials ; not mausoleum, but carpeted altar ; not cypress, but orange blossoms ; not requiem, but wedding march, for "Thy land shall be married." I propose to name some of

THE SUITORS

who are claiming the hand of this republic. This land is so fair, so beautiful, so affluent, that it has many suitors, and it will depend much upon your advice whether this or that shall be accepted or rejected.

I. In the first place, I remark : There is a greedy, all-grasping monster who comes in as suitor seeking the hand of this republic, and that monster is known by the name of

MONOPOLY.

His sceptre is made out of the iron of the rail-track and the wire of telegraphy. He does everything for his own advantage and for the robbery of the people. Things have gone on from bad to worse, until in the three Legislatures of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, for the most part, monopoly decides everything. If monopoly favor a law, it passes. If monopoly

oppose a law, it is rejected. Monopoly stands in this railroad depot, putting into his pockets in one year two hundred millions of dollars in excess of all reasonable charges for service. Monopoly holds in his one hand the steam-power of locomotives, and in the other the electricity of swift communication. Monopoly decides nominations and elections—city elections, State elections, national elections. With bribes he secures the votes of legislators—giving them free passes, giving appointments to needy relatives to lucrative positions, employing them as attorneys, if they are lawyers; carrying their goods fifteen per cent less if they are merchants; and if he finds a case very stubborn, as well as very important, puts down before him the hard cash of bribery.

But Monopoly is not so easily caught now as when, during the term of Mr. Buchanan, in one of our States a certain railway company procured a donation of public land. It was found out that thirteen of the Senators of that State received one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars among them; sixty members of the Lower House of that State received five thousand and ten thousand dollars each; the Governor of the State received fifty thousand dollars; his clerk

received five thousand dollars ; the Lieutenant-Governor received ten thousand dollars ; all the clerks of the Legislature received five thousand dollars each, while fifty thousand dollars were divided amid the lobby agents.

That thing on a larger or smaller scale, is all the time going on in some of the States of the Union, but it is not so blundering as it used to be, and therefore not as easily exposed or arrested. I tell you that

THE SHADOWING CURSE

of the United States to-day is monopoly. He puts his hand upon every bushel of wheat ; upon every sack of salt ; upon every ton of coal ; and every man, woman, and child in the United States feels the touch of that moneyed despotism. I rejoice that in twenty-four States of the Union already anti-monopoly leagues have been established, God speed them in their work of liberation ! I wish that this question might be the question of our Presidential elections, and that we compel the political parties to recognize it on their platforms.

I have nothing to say against capitalists. A man has a right to all the money he can make honestly. There is not a laborer in the land

that would not be worth a million dollars if he could. I have nothing to say against corporations as such—without them no great enterprise would be possible ; but what I do say is that the same principles are to be applied to capitalists and to corporations that are applied to the poorest man and the plainest laborer. What is wrong for me is wrong for great corporations. If I take from you your property without adequate compensation I am a thief, and if a railway damage the property of the people without any adequate compensation that is a gigantic theft. What is wrong on a small scale is wrong on a large scale. Monopoly in England has ground hundreds and thousands of her best people into semi-starvation, and in Ireland has driven multitudinous tenants almost to madness.

EUROPEAN LAND SHARKS.

Five hundred acres in this country make an immense farm. When you read that in Dakota Territory Mr. Cass has a farm of 15,000 acres, and Mr. Grandon, 25,000 acres, and Mr. Dalrymple, 40,000 acres, your eyes dilate, even though these farms are in great regions thinly inhabited. But what do you think of this which I take from the Doomsday Book, showing what

monopoly is on the other side the sea? I give it as a warning of what it would do on this side the sea, if in some lawful way the tendency is not resisted. In Scotland, J. G. M. Heddle owns 50,400 acres; Earl of Wemyss, 52,000 acres; Duke of Montrose, 68,000 acres; Cameron of Lochiel, 109,500 acres; Sir C. W. Ross, 110,400 acres; Earl of Fife, 113,000 acres; the Mackintosh, 124,000 acres; Lord MacDonald, 130,000 acres; Earl of Dalhousie, 136,000 acres; Macleod of Macleod, 141,700 acres; Sir K. Mackenzie, of Gairlock, 164,680 acres; Duke of Argyle, 175,000 acres; Duke of Hamilton, 183,000 acres; Duke of Athole, 194,000 acres; Duke of Richmond, 255,000 acres; Earl of Stair, 270,000 acres; Mr. Evan Baillie, 300,000 acres; Earl of Seafield, 306,000 acres; Duke of Buccleugh, 432,183 acres; Earl of Breadalbane, 437,696 acres; Mr. A. Matheson, 220,433 acres; and Sir J. Matheson, 406,070 acres; Duchess of Sutherland, 149,879 acres; and Duke of Sutherland, 1,176,343 acres.

THE RESULT.

Such monopolies imply an infinite acreage of wretchedness. There is no poverty in the United States like that in England, Ireland, and

Scotland, for the simple reason that in those lands monopoly has had longer and larger sway. Last summer in Edinburgh, Scotland, after preaching in Synod Hall, I preached in the Grass Market and to the wretched inhabitants of the Cowgate and the Canongate, the audience exhibiting the squalor, and sickness, and despair that remains in one's mind like one of the visions of Dante's Inferno.

Great monopolies in any land imply great privation. The time will come when our Government will have to limit the amount of accumulation of property. Unconstitutional, do you say? Then constitutions will have to be changed until they allow such limitation. Otherwise the work of absorption will go on, and the large fishes will eat up the small fishes, and the shad will swallow up the minnows, and the porpoise swallow the shad, and the whales swallow the porpoises, and a thousand greedy men will own all the world.

But would a law of limitation of wealth be unrighteous? If I dig so near my neighbor's foundations, in order to build my house, that I endanger his, the law grabs me. If I have a tannery or a chemical factory, the malodors of which injure residents in the neighborhood, the

law says: "Stop that!" If I drain off a river from its bed, and divert it to turn my mill wheel, leaving the bed of the river a breeding place for malaria, the laws says

"QUIT THAT OUTRAGE!"

And has not a good Government a right to say that a few men shall not gorge themselves on the comfort, and health, and life of generations? Your rights end where my rights begin.

Monopoly, brazen-faced, and iron-fingered, vulture-hearted monopoly, offers his hand to this republic. He stretches it out over the lakes, and up the Pennsylvania, and the Erie, and the New York Central railroads, and over the telegraph poles of the continent, and says: "Here is my heart and hand; be mine forever." Let the millions of the people, North, South, East, and West, forbid the banns of that marriage— forbid them at the ballot-box, forbid them on the platform, forbid them by great organizations, forbid them by the overwhelming sentiments of an outraged nation, forbid them by the protest of the Church of God, forbid them by prayer to high heaven. That Herod shall not have this Abigail. It shall not be to all devouring monopoly that this land is to be married.

II. Another suitor claiming the hand of this republic is

NIHILISM.

He owns nothing but a knife for universal blood-letting and a nitro-glycerine bomb for universal explosion, He believes in no God, no government, no heaven, and no hell, except what he can make on earth. He slew the Czar of Russia, keeps Emperor William, of Germany, practically imprisoned, killed Abraham Lincoln, would put to death every king and president on earth, and if he had the power would climb up until he could drive the God of Heaven from His throne and take it himself—*the universal butcher*. In France it is called communism; in the United States it is called Socialism; in Russia it is called Nihilism. That last is the most graphic and descriptive term. It means complete and eternal smash-up.

Where does this monster live? In St. Louis, in Chicago, in Brooklyn, in New York, and in all the villages and cities of this land. The devil of destruction is an old devil, and he is to be seen at every great fire where there is anything to steal, and at every shipwreck where there is anything valuable floating ashore, and

at every railroad accident where there are overcoats and watches to be purloined. On a small scale I saw it in my college days, when, in our literary society in New York University, we had an exquisite and costly bust of Shakespeare, and one morning we found a hole bored into the lips of the marble and a cigar inserted. There has not for the last century been a fine picture in your art gallery, or a graceful statue in your parks, or a fine frescoe on your wall, or a richly bound volume in your library, but would have been despoiled if the hand of ruffianism could have got at it without peril of incarceration.

The philosophy of the whole business is, that there is a large number of people who either through their laziness or their crime own nothing, and are mad at those who through industry and wit of their own, or of their ancestors, are in possession of large resources. The honest laboring-classes never had anything to do with such murderous enterprises. It is the villainous classes who would not work if they had plenty of work offered them at large wages. Many of these suppose that by the demolition of law and order they would be advantaged, and the parting of the ship of State would allow

them as wreckers to carry off the cargo. It offers its hand to this fair republic. It proposes to tear to pieces the ballot-box, the legislative hall, the Congressional assembly. It would take this land and divide it up, or rather

DIVIDE IT DOWN.

It would give as much to the idler as to the worker, to the bad as to the good. Nihilism ! This panther, having prowled across other lands, has set its paws on our soil, and it is only waiting for the time in which to spring upon its prey. It was Nihilism that massacred the heroic policemen of Chicago and St. Louis a few days ago and that burned the railroad property at Pittsburgh during the great riots ; it was Nihilism that slew black people in our Northern cities during the war ; it was Nihilism that again and again in San Francisco and in New York mauled to death the Chinese ; it is Nihilism that glares out of the windows of the drunkeries upon sober people as they go by. Ah ! its power has never yet been tested. It would, if it had the power, leave every church, chapel, cathedral, schoolhouse, college, and home in ashes.

Let me say, it is

THE WORST ENEMY

of the laboring-classes in any country. The honest cry for reform lifted by oppressed laboring men is drowned out by the vociferations for anarchy. The criminals and the vagabonds who range through our cities talking about their rights, when their first right is the penitentiary—if they could be hushed up, and the down-trodden laboring men of this country could be heard, there would be more bread for hungry children. Let not our oppressed laboring men be beguiled to coming under the bloody banner of Nihilism. It will make your taxes heavier, your wages smaller, your table scantier, your children hungrier, your suffering greater.

Yet this Nihilism, with feet red of slaughter, comes forth and offers its hand for the republic. Shall the banns be proclaimed? If so, where shall the marriage altar be? and who will be the officiating priest? And what will be the music? That altar will have to be white with bleached skulls, the officiating priest must be a dripping assassin, the music must be the smothered groan of multitudinous victims, the garlands must be twisted of nightshade, the fruit must be apples of Sodom, the wine must be the blood of St.

Bartholomew's massacre. No! It is not to Nihilism, the sanguinital monster, that this land is to be married.

III. Another suitor for the hand of this nation is

INFIDELITY.

Mark you that all anarchists are infidels. Not one of them believes in the Bible, and very rarely any of them believe in a God. Their most conspicuous leader was the other day pulled by the leg from under a bed in a house of infamy, cursing and blaspheming. The police of Chicago, exploring the dens of the anarchists, found dynamite, and vitriol, and Tom Paine's "Age of Reason," and obscene pictures, and complimentary biographies of thugs and assassins, but not one Testament, not one of Wesley's hymn-books, not one Roman Catholic breviary. There are two wings to infidelity: the one calls itself Liberalism, and appears in highly literary magazines, and is for the educated and refined; the other wing is in the form of Anarchy, and is for the vulgar. But both wings belong to the same old filthy vulture—infidelity! Elegant infidelity proposes to conquer this land to itself by the pen; Anarchy proposes to conquer it by bludgeon and torch.

When the midnight ruffians despoiled the grave of A. T. Stewart, in St. Mark's churchyard, everybody was shocked; but infidelity proposes something worse than that—the robbing of all the graves of Christendom of the hope of a resurrection. It proposes to chisel out from the tombstones of your Christian dead the words, “Asleep in Jesus,” and to substitute the words, “Obliteration—annihilation.” Infidelity proposes to take away from this country the book that makes the difference between the United States and the United Kingdom of Dahomey, between American civilization and Bornesian cannibalism.

The only impulse in the right direction that this world has ever had has come from the Bible. It was the mother of Roman law and of healthful jurisprudence. That book has been the mother of all reforms and all charities—mother of English Magna Charta and American Declaration of Independence. I tell you that.

THE WORST ATTEMPTED CRIME

of the century is the attempt to destroy this book; yet infidelity, loathsome, stenchful, leprous, pestiferous, rotten monster, stretches out

its hand, ichorous with the second death, to take the hand of this republic.

And this suitor presses his case appallingly. Shall the banns of that marriage be proclaimed? "No!" say the home missionaries of the West—a martyr band, of whom the world is not worthy, toiling amid fatigues, and malaria, and starvation. "No! not if we can help it. By what we and our children have suffered we forbid the banns of that marriage!" "No!" say all patriotic voices; "our institutions were bought at too dear a price, and were defended at too great a sacrifice, to be so cheaply surrendered." "No!" says the God of Bunker Hill, and Independence Hall, and Gettysburg; "I did not start this nation for such a farce." "No," cry ten thousand voices; "to infidelity this land shall not be married!"

IV. But there is

ANOTHER SUITOR

that presents his hand for the hand of this republic. He is mentioned in the verse following my text, where it says: "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." It is not my figure, it is the

figure of the Bible. As often princesses at their birth are

PLEDGED IN TREATY

of marriage to princes or kings of earth, so this nation at its birth was pledged to Christ for Divine marriage. Before *Columbus* and his hundred and twenty men embarked on the *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta*, and the *Nina*, for their wonderful voyage, what was the last thing they did? They kneeled down and took the holy sacrament of the Lord Jesus Christ. After they caught the first glimpse of this country, and the gun of one ship had announced it to the other vessels that land had been discovered, what was the song that went up from all the three decks? "Gloria in Excelsis." After Columbus and his hundred and twenty men had stepped from the ships' decks to the solid ground, what did they do? They all knelt and consecrated the New World to God.

What did *the Huguenots* do after they landed in the Carolinas? What did the Holland refugees do after they had landed in New York? What did the Pilgrim Fathers do after they landed in New England? With bended knee, and uplifted face, and heaven-besieging prayer

they took possession of this country for God. How was the first American Congress opened ? By prayer in the name of Jesus Christ. From its birth this nation was pledged for holy marriage with Christ.

And, then, see how good God has been to us ! Just open the map of the continent and see how it is shaped for immeasurable prosperities. Navigable rivers, more in number and greater than of any other land, rolling down on all sides into the sea, prophesying large manufactures and easy commerce. Look at the great ranges of mountains timbered with wealth on the top and sides, metallised with wealth underneath. One hundred and eighty thousand square miles of coal, four hundred and eighty thousand square miles of iron. All fruits, all minerals, all harvests. Scenery displaying an autumnal pageantry that no land on earth pretends to rival. No South American earthquakes. No Scotch mists. No London fogs. No Egyptian plagues. No Germanic divisions. The people of the United States are happier than any people on earth. It is the testimony of every man that has travelled abroad. For the poor, more sympathy ; for the industrious more opportunity. Oh, how good God was to

our fathers, and how good He has been to us and our children !

We have during the past six or seven years

TURNED A NEW LEAF

in our national history by the sudden addition of millions of foreigners. At Kansas City I was told by a gentleman who had opportunity for large investigation, that a great multitude had gone through there, averaging in worldly estate eight hundred dollars. I was told in the city of Washington by an officer of the Government, who had opportunity for authentic investigation, that thousands and thousands had gone, averaging one thousand dollars in possession each. I was told by the Commissioner of Emigration that twenty families that had arrived at Castle Garden brought eighty-five thousand dollars with them. Mark you, families, not tramps—additions to the national wealth, not subtractions therefrom. I saw some of them reading their Bibles and their hymn-books, thanking God for His kindness in helping them cross the sea. They will turn your Territories into States, and your wildernesses into gardens, if you will build for them churches,

and establish for them schools, and send Christian missionaries.

Are you afraid this continent is going to be overcrowded with this population? Ah! that shows you have not been to Oregon, that shows that you have not been to Texas. A fishing-smack to-day on Lake Ontario might as well be afraid of being crowded by other shipping before night as for any one of the next ten generations of Americans to be afraid of being overcrowded by foreign populations in this country. The one State of Texas is far larger than all the Austrian Empire, yet the Austrian Empire supports thirty-five million people. The one State of Texas is larger than all France, and France supports thirty-six million people. The one State of Texas far surpasses in size the Germanic Empire, yet the Germanic Empire supports forty-one million people. I tell you the great want of the Territories and of the Western States is more population.

While some may stand at the gates of the city, saying: "Stand back!" to foreign populations, I press out as far beyond those gates as I can press out beyond them, and beckon to foreign nations, saying: "Come, come!" "But," say you, "I am so afraid that they will bring

their prejudices for foreign Governments, and plant them here." Absurd. They are sick of the Governments that have oppressed them, and they want free America. Give them the great gospel of welcome. Throw around them all Christian hospitalities. They will add their industry and hard-earned wages to this country, and then we will dedicate all to Christ, "and thy land shall be married."

THE SITE FOR THE NUPTIALS.

But where shall the marriage altar be? Let it be the Rocky Mountains, when through artificial and mighty irrigation, all their tops shall be covered, as they will be, with vineyards, and orchards, and grain fields. Then let the Bostons, and the New Yorks, and the Charlestons of the Pacific Coast come to the marriage altar on the one side, and then let the Bostons, and the New Yorks, and the Charlestons of the Atlantic Coast come to the marriage altar on the other side, and there between them let this bride of nations kneel; and then if the organ of the loudest thunders that ever shook the Sierra Nevadas on the one side, or moved the foundations of the Alleghanies on the other side, should open full diapason of wedding

march, that organ of thunders could not drown the voice of Him who should take the hand of the bride of nations, saying : "As a bridegroom rejoiceth over a bride, so thy God rejoiceth over thee." "And so thy land shall be married."

THE WORST FOE OF LABOR.

“He that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes.”—*Haggai* 1: 6.

IN Persia, under the reign of Darius Hystaspes, the people did not prosper. They made money, but did not keep it. They were like people who have a sack in which they put money, not knowing that the sack is torn, or eaten of moths, or in some way made incapable of holding valuables. As fast as the coin was put in one end of the sack it dropped out of the other. It made no difference how much wages they got, for they lost them. “He that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes.”

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE BILLIONS and billions of dollars in this country paid to the working classes? Some of these moneys have gone for house rent, or the purchase of homesteads, or wardrobe, or family expenses, or the necessities of life, or to provide comforts in old age. What has become of other billions?

Wasted in foolish outlay. Wasted at the gaming-table. Wasted in intoxicants. Put into a bag with a hundred holes.

Gather up the money that the working classes have spent for rum during the last thirty years, and I will build for every workingman a house, and lay out for him a garden, and clothe his sons in broadcloth and his daughters in silks, and stand at his front door a prancing span of sorrels or bays, and secure him a policy of life-insurance, so that the present home may be well maintained after he is dead. The most persistent, most overpowering enemy of the working classes is intoxicating liquor. It is *the anarchist of the centuries*, and has boycotted and is now boycotting the body and mind and soul of American labor. It is to it a worse foe than monopoly, and worse than associated capital.

It annually swindles industry out of a large percentage of its earnings. It holds out its blasting solicitations to the mechanic or operative on his way to work, and at the noon-spell, and on his way home at eventide ; on Saturday, when the wages are paid, it snatches a large part of the money that might come to the family, and sacrifices it among the saloon-keepers.

Within eight hundred yards of Sands Street Methodist Church, Brooklyn, it has fifty-four saloons, and is plotting now for another. Stand the saloons of this country side by side, and it is carefully estimated they would reach from New York to Chicago. Forward, march, says the rum power, and take possession of the American nation !

The rum business is pouring its vitriolic and damnable liquids down the throats of hundreds of thousands of laborers, and while the ordinary strikes are ruinous both to employers and employees,

I PROCLAIM A STRIKE

universal against strong drink, which, if kept up, will be the relief of the working classes and the salvation of the nation. I will undertake to say that there is not a healthy laborer in the United States who, within the next ten years, if he will refuse all intoxicating beverage and be saving, may not become a capitalist on a small scale. Our country in a year spends one billion five hundred million and fifty thousand dollars for rum. Of course the working classes do a great deal of this expenditure. Careful statistics show that the wage-earning classes of

Great Britain expend in liquors one hundred million pounds, or five hundred million dollars a year. Sit down and think, O workingman ! how much you have expended in these directions. Add it all up. Add up what your neighbors have expended, and realize that instead of answering the beck of other people you might have been your own capitalist. When you deplete a workingman's physical energy you deplete his capital.

THE STIMULATED WORKMAN

gives out before the unstimulated workman. My father said : " I became a temperance man in early life, because I noticed in the harvest-field that, though I was physically weaker than other workmen, I could hold out longer than they. They took stimulants, I took none." A brickmaker in England gives his experience in regard to this matter among men in his employ. He says, after investigation : " The beer-drinker who made the fewest bricks made six hundred and fifty nine thousand ; the abstainer who made the fewest bricks, seven hundred and forty-six thousand. The difference in behalf of the abstainer over the indulger, eighty-seven thousand." There came a very exhausting time

in the British Parliament. The session was prolonged until nearly all the members got sick or worn out. Out of six hundred and fifty-two members only two went through undamaged ; they were teetotalers.

When an army goes out to the battle the soldier who has water or coffee in his canteen marches easier and fights better than the soldier who has whiskey in his canteen. Rum helps a man to fight when he has only one contestant, and that at the street corner. But when he goes forth to maintain some great battle for God and his country, he wants no rum about him. When the Russians go to war a corporal passes along the line and smells the breath of every soldier. If there be in his breath a taint of intoxicating liquor, the man is sent back to the barracks. Why ? He cannot endure fatigue. All our young men know this. When they are preparing for a regatta, or for a ball club, or for an athletic wrestling, they abstain. Our working people will be wiser after a while, and the money they fling away on hurtful indulgences they will put into co-operative associations, and so become capitalists. If the workingman put down his wages and then take his expenses and spread them out, so they will just equal, he is not wise.

I know workingmen who are in a perfect fidget until they get rid of their last dollar.

A COSTLY SACQUE.

The following circumstances came under our observation : A young man worked hard to earn his six or seven hundred dollars yearly. Marriage day came. The bride had inherited five hundred dollars from her grandfather. She spent every dollar of it on the wedding dress. Then they rented two rooms in a third story. Then the young man took extra evening employment ; almost exhausted with the day's work, yet took evening employment. It almost extinguished his eyesight. Why did he add evening employment to the day employment ? To get money. Why did he want to get money ? To lay up something for a rainy day ? No. To get his life insured, so that in case of his death his wife would not be a beggar ? No. He put the extra evening work to the day work that he might get a hundred and fifty dollars to get his wife a sealskin coat. The sister of the bride heard of this achievement, and was not to be eclipsed. She was very poor, and she sat up working nearly all the nights for a great while until she bought a sealskin coat. I have not

heard of the result on that street. The street was full of those who are on small incomes, but I suppose the contagion spread, and that everybody had a sealskin coat, and that the people came out and cried, practically, not literally : "Though the heavens fall, we must have a sealskin coat !"

I was out West, and a minister of the Gospel told me, in Iowa, that his church and the neighborhood had been impoverished by the fact that they put mortgages on their farms in order to send their families to the Philadelphia Centennial. It was not respectable not to go to the Centennial. Between such evils and pauperism there is a very short step. The vast majority of children in your almshouses are there because their parents are drunken, or lazy, or recklessly improvident.

I have no sympathy for skinflint saving, but I plead for

CHRISTIAN PRUDENCE.

You say it is impossible now to lay up anything for a rainy day. I know it, but we are at the daybreak of national prosperity. Some people think it is mean to turn the gas low when they go out of the parlor. They feel embarrassed if

the door-bell rings before they have the hall lighted. They apologize for the plain meal, if you surprise them at the table. Well, it is mean if it is only to pile up a miserly hoard. But if it be to educate your children, if it be to give more help to your wife when she does not feel strong, if it be to keep your funeral day from being horrible beyond all endurance, because it is to be the disruption and annihilation of the domestic circle—if it be for that, then it is magnificent.

There are those who are kept in poverty because of their own fault. They might have been well off, but they smoked or chewed up their earnings, or they lived beyond their means, while others on the same wages and on the same salaries went on to competency. I know a man who was all the time complaining of his poverty and crying out against rich men, while he himself keeps two dogs, and chews and smokes, and is full to the chin with whiskey and beer. Wilkins Micawber said to David Copperfield, "Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses twenty shillings and sixpence; result, misery. But, Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, expenses nineteen shillings and six pence; result, happiness." But, O work-

ingman of America, take your morning dram, and your noon dram, and your evening dram, and spend everything you have over for tobacco and excursions, and you insure poverty for yourself and your children forever !

If by some generous fiat of the capitalists of this country, or by a new law of the Government of the United States, twenty-five per cent, or fifty per cent, or one hundred per cent were added to the wages of the working classes of America, it would be no advantage to hundreds of thousands of them unless they stopped strong drink. Aye, until they quit that evil habit, the more money, the more ruin, the more wages. the more holes in the bag.

My plea this morning is to those working people who are in a

DISCIPLESHIP TO WHISKEY

bottle, the beer-mug, and the wine-flask. And what I say to them will not be more appropriate to the working classes than to the business classes, and the literary classes, and the professional classes, and all classes, and not with the people of one age more than of all ages. Take one good square look at the suffering of the man whom strong drink has enthralled, and re-

member that toward that goal multitudes are running. The disciple of alcoholism suffers the

LOSS OF SELF-RESPECT.

Just as soon as a man wakes up and finds that he is the captive of strong drink, he feels demeaned. I do not care how reckless he acts. He may say, "I don't care;" he does care. He cannot look a pure man in the eye unless it is with positive force of resolution. Three-fourths of his nature is destroyed; his self-respect is gone; he says things he would not otherwise say; he does thing he would not otherwise do. When a man is nine-tenths gone with strong drink, the first thing he wants to do is to persuade you that he can stop any time he wants to. He cannot. The Philistines have bound him hand and foot, and shorn his locks, and put out his eyes, and are making him grind in the mill of a great horror. He cannot stop. I will prove it. He knows that his course is bringing ruin upon himself. He loves himself. If he could stop he would. He knows his course is bringing ruin upon his family. He loves them. He would stop if he could. He cannot. Perhaps he could three months or a year ago, not now. Just ask him to stop for a month. He

cannot ; he knows he cannot, so he does not try.

I had a friend who was for

FIFTEEN YEARS GOING DOWN

under this evil habit. He had large means. He had given thousands of dollars to Bible societies and reformatory institutions of all sorts. He was very genial, very generous, and very lovable, and whenever he talked about this evil habit he would say, "I can stop any time." But he kept going on, going on, down, down, down. His family would say, "I wish you would stop." "Why," he would reply, "I can stop any time if I want to." After a while he had delirium tremens ; he had it twice ; and yet, after that, he said, "I could stop at any time if I wanted to." He is dead now. What killed him ? Rum ! Rum ! And yet among his last utterances was, "I can stop at any time." He did not stop it, because he could not stop it. Oh, there is a point in inebriation beyond which if a man goes he cannot stop !

One of these victims said to a Christian man, "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't get a drink until to-morrow night unless I had all my

fingers cut off, I would say, 'Bring the hatchet and cut them off now.' " I have a dear friend in Philadelphia whose nephew came to him one day, and, when he was exhorted about his evil habit, said, "Uncle, I can't give it up. If there stood a cannon and it was loaded, and a glass of wine were set on the mouth of that cannon, and I knew that you would fire it off just as I came up and took the glass, I would start, for

I MUST HAVE IT."

Oh, it is a sad thing for a man to wake up in this life and feel that he is a captive! He says, "I could have got rid of this once, but I can't now. I might have lived an honorable life and died a Christian death; but there is no hope for me now; there is no escape for me. Dead, but not buried. I am a walking corpse, I am an apparition of what I once was. I am a caged immortal beating against the wires of my cage in this direction; beating against the cage until there is blood on the wires and blood upon my soul, yet not able to get out. Destroyed without remedy!"

I go on, and say that the disciple of rum suffers from the

LOSS OF HEALTH.

The older men in the congregation may remember that some years ago Dr. Sewell went through this country and electrified the people by his lectures, in which he showed the effects of alcoholism on the human stomach. He had seven or eight diagrams by which he showed the devastation of strong drink upon the physical system. There were thousands of people that turned back from that ulcerous sketch, swearing eternal abstinence from everything that could intoxicate.

God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain files on every nerve, and travels every muscle, and gnaws every bone, and burns with every flame, and stings with every poison, and pulls at him with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his creeping limbs! What fiends stand by his midnight pillow! What groans tear his ear! What horrors shiver through his soul! Talk of the rack, talk of the Inquisition, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the crushing Juggernaut—he feels them all at once. Have you ever been in the ward of

THE HOSPITAL

where these inebriates are dying, the stench of

their wounds driving back the attendants, their voices sounding through the night? The keeper comes up and says, "Hush, now, be still! Stop making all this noise!" But it is effectual only for a moment, for as soon as the keeper is gone they begin again, "Oh, God! Oh, God! Help! Help! Rum! Give me rum! Help! Take them off me! Take them off me! Oh, God!" And then they shriek, and they rave, and they pluck out their hair by handfuls, and bite their nails into the quick, and then they groan, and they shriek, and they blaspheme, and they ask the keepers to kill them—"Stab me! Smother me! Strangle me! Take the devils off me!" Oh, it is no fancy sketch! That thing is going on now all up and down the land, and I tell you further that this is going to be the death that some of you will die. I know it. I see it coming.

Again, the inebriate suffers through the

LOSS OF HOME.

I do not care how much he loves his wife and children, if this passion for strong drink has mastered him, he will do the most outrageous things; and if he could not get drink in any

other way, he would sell his family into eternal bondage. How many homes have been broken up in that way no one but God knows. Oh, is there anything that will so destroy a man for this life and damn him for the life that is to come? I hate that strong drink. With all the concentrated energies of my soul I hate it. Do not tell me that a man can be happy when he knows that he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags. Why, there are on the roads and streets of this land to-day little children, barefooted, unwashed, and unkempt—want on every patch of their faded dress and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances, who would have been in churches to-day, and as well clad as you are, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. O rum, thou foe of God, thou despoiler of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I hate thee!

But my subject takes a deeper tone, and that is, that the unfortunate of whom I speak suffers from the

LOSS OF THE SOUL.

The Bible intimates that in the future world,

if we are unforgiven here, our bad passions and appetites, unrestrained, will go along with us and make our torment there. So that, I suppose, when an inebriate wakes up in the last world, he will feel an infinite thirst clawing on him. Now, down in the world, although he may have been very poor, he could beg or he could steal five cents with which to get that which would slake his thirst for a little while ; but in eternity where is the rum to come from ?

Oh, the deep, exhausting, exasperating, everlasting thirst of the drunkard in hell ! Why, if a fiend came up to earth for some infernal work in a grog-shop, and should go back taking on its wing just one drop of that for which the inebriate in the lost world longs, what excitement would it make there ! Put that one drop from off the fiend's wing on the tip of the tongue of the destroyed inebriate ; let the liquid brightness just touch it ; let the drop be very small, if it only have in it the smack of alcoholic drink ; let that drop just touch the lost inebriate in the lost world, and he would spring to his feet and cry, " That is rum, aha ! That is rum ! " And it would wake up the echoes of the damned—" Give me rum ! Give me rum ! Give me rum ! " In the future world

I do not believe that it will be the absence of God that will make the drunkard's sorrow. I do not believe that it will be the absence of light. I do not believe that it will be the absence of holiness. I think it will be the absence of rum. Oh, "look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and it stingeth like an adder."

It is about time that we have

ANOTHER WOMAN'S CRUSADE

like that which swept through Ohio ten or twelve years ago. With prayer and song the women went into the grogeries, and whole neighborhoods, towns, and cities were redeemed by their Christian heroics. Thirty women cleared out the rum traffic from a village of one thousand inhabitants. If thirty women, surcharged of the Holy Ghost, could renovate a town of a thousand, three thousand consecrated women, resolved to give themselves no peace until this crime was extirpated from this city, could in six months clear out three fourths of the grog-shops of Brooklyn. If there be three thousand women now in this city, who will put

their hands and their hearts to the work, I will take the contract for driving out all these moral nuisances from the city—at any rate, three fourths of them—in three months. If, when that host of three thousand consecrated women is marshalled, there be no one to lead them, then, as a minister of the Most High God, I will offer to take my position at the front of the host, and I will cry to them, “Come on, ye women of Christ, with your songs and your prayers! Some of you take the enemy’s right wing and some the left wing. Forward! The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge! Down with the dram-shops!”

But not waiting for those mouths of hell to close, let me advise the working and the business classes, and all classes, to stop strong drink. While I declared some time ago that there was a point beyond which a man could not stop, I want to tell you that while a man cannot stop in his own strength, the Lord God by His grace can help him to stop at any time. I was in a room in New York where there were many men who had been reclaimed from drunkenness. I heard their testimony, and for the first time in my life there flashed out a truth I never understood. They said, “We

were victims of strong drink. We tried to give it up, but always failed ; but somehow since we gave our hearts to Christ, He has taken care of us." I believe that the time will soon come when the grace of God will show its power not only to save man's soul, but his body, and reconstruct, purify, elevate, and redeem it.

I verily believe that, although you feel grappling at the roots of your tongues an almost omnipotent thirst, if you will give your heart to God, He will help you by His grace to conquer. Try it. It is

YOUR LAST CHANCE.

I have looked off upon the desolation. Sitting in our religious assemblages there are a good many people in awful peril ; and, judging from ordinary circumstances, there is not one chance in five thousand that they will get clear of it. There are men in my congregation from Sabbath to Sabbath of whom I must make the remark, that if they do not change their course, within ten years they will, as to their bodies, lie down in drunkards' graves ; and as to their souls, lie down in a drunkard's perdition. I know that is an awful thing to say, but I cannot help saying it.

Oh, beware ! You have not yet been captured. Beware ! Whether the beverage be poured in golden chalice or pewter mug, in the foam at the top, in white letters, let there be spelled out to your soul, "Beware !" When the books of Judgment are open, and ten million drunkards come up to get their doom, I want you to bear witness that I, this morning, in the fear of God and in the love for your soul, told you, with all affection and with all kindness, to beware of that which has already exerted its influence upon your family, blowing out some of its lights—a premonition of the blackness of darkness forever.

Oh, if you could only hear this morning Intemperance with drunkards' bones drumming on the head of the liquor-cask the Dead March of immortal souls, methinks the very glance of a wine-cup would make you shudder, and the color of the liquor would make you think of the blood of the soul, and the foam on the top of the cup would remind you of the froth on the maniac's lip ; and you would go home from this service and kneel down and pray God that, rather than your children should become captives of this evil habit, you would like to carry them out some bright spring day to the ceme-

tery, and put them away to the last sleep, until at the call of the south wind the flowers would come up all over the grave — sweet prophecies of the resurrection! God has a balm for such a wound; but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted heath of a drunkard's sepulchre?

BLACK SERVANTS OF THE SKY.

“And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening.”—
1 *Kings*, xvii. 6.

THE ornithology of the Bible is a very interesting study. The stork which knoweth her appointed time. The common sparrows teaching the lesson of God's providence. The ostriches of the desert, by careless incubation, illustrating the recklessness of parents who do not take enough pains with their children. The eagle symbolizing riches which take wings and fly away. The pelican emblemizing solitude. The bat, a flake of the darkness. The night hawk, the ossifrage, the cuckoo, the lapwing, the osprey, by the command of God in *Leviticus*, flung out of the world's bill of fare.

I would like to have been with Audubon as he went through the woods, with gun and pencil, bringing down and sketching the fowls of heaven, his unfolded portfolio thrilling all Christendom. What

WONDERFUL CREATURES

of God the birds are! Some of them, this morning, like the songs of heaven let loose, bursting through the gates of heaven. Consider their feathers, which are clothing and conveyance at the same time; the nine vertebræ of the neck, the three eyelids to each eye, the third eyelid an extra curtain for graduating the light of the sun. Some of these birds scavengers and some of them orchestra. Thank God for quail's whistle, and lark's carol, and the twitter of the wren, called by the ancients

THE KING OF BIRDS,

because when the fowls of heaven went into a contest as to who should fly the highest, and the eagle swung nearest the sun, a wren on the back of the eagle, after the eagle was exhausted, sprang up much higher, and so was called by the ancients the king of birds. Consider those of them that have golden crowns and crests, showing them to be feathered imperials. And listen to the humming-bird's serenade in the ear of the honeysuckle. Look at the belted kingfisher, striking like a dart from sky to water. Listen to the voice of the owl, giving the keynote to all croakers. And behold the condor

among the Andes, battling with the reindeer. I do not know whether an aquarium or aviary is the best altar from which to worship God.

There is an incident in my text that baffles all the ornithological wonders of the world. The grain crop had been cut off. Famine was in the land. In a cave by the brook Cherith sat a minister of God,

ELIJAH, WAITING

for something to eat. Why did he not go to the neighbors? There were no neighbors; it was a wilderness. Why did he not pick some of the berries? There were none. If there had been, they would have been dried up. Seated one morning at the mouth of his cave, the prophet sees a flock of birds approaching. Oh, if they were only partridges, or if he only had an arrow with which to bring them down! But as they come nearer, he finds they are not comestible, but unclean, and the eating of them would be spiritual death. The strength of their beak, the length of their wings, the blackness of their color, their loud, harsh "cruck! cruck!" prove them to be ravens.

They whirr around about the prophet's head, and then they come on fluttering wing and

pause on the level of his lips, and one of the ravens brings bread, and another raven brings meat, and after they have discharged their tiny cargo they wheel past, and others come, until after awhile the prophet has enough, and these black servants of the wilderness table are gone. For six months, and some say a whole year, morning and evening, a breakfast and

A SUPPER-BELL

sounded as these ravens rang out on the air their "cruck ! cruck !" Guess where they got the food from. The old rabbins say they got it from the kitchen of King Ahab. Others say that the ravens got their food from pious Obadiah, who was in the habit of feeding the persecuted. Some say that the ravens brought the food to their young in the trees, and that Elijah had only to climb up and get it. Some say that the whole story is improbable ; for these were carnivorous birds, and the food they carried was the torn flesh of living beasts, and that ceremonially unclean ; or it was carrion, and it would not have been fit for the prophet. Some say they were not ravens at all, but that the word translated "ravens" in my text ought to have been translated "Arabs ;" so it would

have read, "The Arabs brought bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening." Anything but admit the Bible to be true.

Hew away at this miracle until all the miracle is gone. Go on with the depleting process, but know, my brother, that you are robbing only one man—and that is yourself—of one of the most comforting, beautiful, pathetic, and triumphant lessons in all the ages. I can tell you

WHO THESE PURVEYORS WERE

—they were ravens. I can tell you who freighted them with provisions—God. I can tell you who launched them—God. I can tell you who taught them which way to fly—God. I can tell you who told them at what cave to swoop—God. I can tell you who introduced raven to prophet and prophet to raven—God. There is one passage I will whisper in your ear, for I would not want to utter it aloud, lest some one should drop down under its power—"If any man shall take away from the words of the prophecy of this book, God shall take away His part out of the book of life and out of the Holy City."

While, then, this morning we watch the

ravens feeding Elijah, let the swift dove of God's Spirit sweep down the sky with divine food, and on outspread wing pause at the lip of every soul hungering for comfort.

On the banks of what rivers have been the great battles of the world? While you are looking over the map of the world to answer that, I will tell you that

THE GREAT CONFLICT

to-day is on the Thames, on the Hudson, on the Mississippi, on the Kennebec, on the Savannah, on the Rhine, on the Nile, on the Ganges, on the Hoang-Ho. It is a battle that has been going on for six thousand years. The troops engaged in it are fourteen hundred millions, and those who have fallen are vaster in number than those who march. It is a battle for bread.

Sentimentalists sit in a cushioned chair, in their pictured study, with their slippered feet on a damask ottoman, and say that this world is a great scene of avarice and greed. It does not seem so to me. If it were not for the

ABSOLUTE NECESSITIES

of the cases, nine tenths of the stores, factories,

shops, banking-houses of the land would be closed to-morrow. Who is that man delving in the Colorado hills? or toiling in a New England factory? or going through a roll of bills in the bank? or measuring a fabric on the counter? He is a champion sent forth in behalf of some home circle that has to be cared for, in behalf of some church of God that has to be supported, in behalf of some asylum of mercy that has to be sustained. Who is that woman bending over the sewing-machine, or carrying the bundle, or sweeping the room, or mending the garment, or sweltering at the washtub? That is Deborah, one of the Lord's heroines, battling against Amalekitish want, which comes down with iron chariot to crush her and hers.

THE GREAT QUESTION

with the vast majority of people to-day is not "Home Rule," but whether there shall be any home to rule; not one of tariff but whether they shall have anything to tax. The great question with the vast majority of people is, "How shall I support my family? How shall I meet my notes? How shall I pay my rent? How shall I give food, clothing, and education to those who are dependent upon me?" Oh,

if God would help me to-day to assist you in the solution of that problem, the happiest man in this house would be your preacher ! I have gone out on a cold morning with expert sportsmen to hunt for pigeons ; I have gone out on the meadows to hunt for quail ; I have gone out on the marsh to hunt for reed-birds ; but this morning I am out for ravens.

I. Notice, in the first place in the story of my text, that these winged caterers came to Elijah

DIRECTLY FROM GOD.

“I have commanded the ravens that they feed thee,” we find God saying in an adjoining passage. They did not come out of some other cave. They did not just happen to alight there. God freighted them, God launched them, and God told them by what cave to swoop. That is the same God that is going to supply you. He is your Father. You would have to make an elaborate calculation before you could tell me how many pounds of food and how many yards of clothing would be necessary for you and your family ; but God knows without any calculation. You have a plate at His table, and you are going to be waited on, unless you

act like a naughty child, and kick, and scramble, and pound saucily the plate and try to upset things.

God has a vast family, and everything is methodized, and you are going to be served if you will only wait your turn. God has already ordered all the suits of clothes you will ever need, down to the last suit in which you shall be laid out. God has already ordered all the food you will ever eat, down to the last crumb that will be put in your mouth in the dying sacrament. It may not be just the kind of food or apparel we would prefer.

THE SENSIBLE PARENT

depends on his own judgment as to what ought to be the apparel and the food of the minor in the family. The child would say, "Give me sugars and confections." "Oh, no," says the parent; "you must have something plainer first." The child would say, "Oh, give me these great blotches of color in the garment." "No," says the parent; "that wouldn't be suitable."

Now, God is our Father and we are minors, and He is going to clothe us and feed us, although he may not always yield to our infan-

tile wish for sweets and glitter. These ravens of the text did not bring pomegranates from the glittering platter of King Arab. They brought bread and meat. God had all the heavens and the earth before Him and under Him, and yet he sends this plain food, because it was best for Elijah to have it. Oh, be strong, my hearer, in the fact that the same God is going to supply you! It is never "hard times" with Him. His ship never breaks on the rocks. His banks never fail. He has the supply for you and He has the means for sending it. He has not only the cargo, but the ship. If it were necessary, He would swing out from the heavens a flock of ravens reaching from His gate to yours, until the food would be flung down the sky from beak to beak and from talon to talon.

II. Notice again in this story of the text, that the ravens did not allow Elijah to hoard up a surplus. They did not bring enough on Monday to last all the week. They did not bring enough one morning to last until the next morning. They came twice a day, and brought just enough for one time. You know as well as I, that

THE GREAT FRET

of the world is that we want a surplus ; we want the ravens to bring enough for fifty years. You have more confidence in the Fulton Bank, or Nassau Bank, or Bank of England than you have in the Royal Bank of Heaven. You say, "All that is very poetic, but you may have the black ravens ; give me the gold eagles." We had better be content with just enough. If in the morning your family eat up all the food there is in the house, do not sit down and cry and say, "I don't know where the next meal is to come from." About five, or six, or seven o'clock in the morning just look up, and you will see two black spots on the sky, and you will hear the flapping of wings, and instead of Edgar A. Poe's insane raven alighting on the chamber door, "only this and nothing more," you will find Elijah's two ravens, or two ravens of the Lord, the one bringing bread and the other bringing meat—plumed butcher and baker.

God is infinite in resource. When the city of Rochelle was besieged and the inhabitants were dying of the famine, the tides washed up on the beach as never before, and as never

since, enough shell-fish to feed the whole city. God is good. There is no mistake about that. History tells us that in 1555 in England there was a great drought. The crops failed ; but in Essex, on the rocks, in a place where they had neither sown nor cultured, a great crop of peas grew until they filled a hundred measures ; and there were blossoming vines enough, promising as much more.

But why go so far ? I can give you

A FAMILY INCIDENT.

Some generations back there was a great drought in Connecticut, New England. The water disappeared from the hills, and the farmers living on the hills drove their cattle down toward the valleys, and had them supplied at the wells and fountains of the neighbors. But these after a while began to fail, and the neighbors said to Mr. Birdseye, of whom I shall speak, " You must not send your flocks and herds down here any more ; our wells are giving out." Mr. Birdseye, the old Christian man, gathered his family at the altar, and with his family he gathered the slaves of the household—for bondage was then in vogue in Connecticut—and on their knees before God they cried

for water ; and the family story is, that there was weeping and great sobbing at that altar that the family might not perish for lack of water, and that the herds and flocks might not perish.

The family rose from the altar. Mr. Birdseye, the old man, took his staff and walked out over the hills, and in a place where he had been scores of times, without noticing anything particular, he saw the ground was very dark, and he took his staff and turned up the ground, and water started ; and he beckoned to his servants, and they came and brought pails and buckets until all the family and all the flocks and the herds were cared for ; and then they made troughs reaching from that place down to the house and barn, and the water flowed, and it is a living fountain to-day.

Now I call that old grandfather Elijah, and I call that brook that began to roll then, and is rolling still, the brook Cherith ; and the lesson to me and to all who hear it is, when you are in great stress of circumstances

PRAY AND DIG,

dig and pray, and pray and dig. How does that passage go ? “ The mountains shall depart and

the hills be removed, but My loving-kindness shall not fail." If your merchandise, if your mechanism, if your husbandry, fail, look out for ravens. If you have in your despondency put God on trial and condemned Him as guilty of cruelty, I move this morning for a new trial. If the biography of your life is ever written, I will tell you what the first chapter, and the middle chapter, and the last chapter will be about, if it is written accurately. The first chapter about mercy, the middle chapter about mercy, the last chapter about mercy. The mercy that hovered over your cradle. The mercy that will hover over your grave. The mercy that will cover all between.

III. Again, this story of the text impresses me that relief came to this prophet with the most unexpected and with *seemingly impossible conveyance*. If it had been a robin-redbreast, or a musical meadow lark, or a meek turtle-dove, or a sublime albatross that had brought the food to Elijah, it would not have been so surprising. But no. It was a bird so fierce and inauspicate that we have fashioned one of our most forceful and repulsive words out of it—ravenous. That bird has a passion for picking out the eyes of men and of animals. It loves

to maul the sick and the dying. It swallows with vulturous guzzle everything it can put its beak on ; and yet all the food Elijah gets for six months or a year is from ravens. So your supply is going to come from

AN UNEXPECTED SOURCE.

You think some great-hearted, generous man will come along and give you his name on the back of your note, or he will go security for you in some great enterprise. No, he will not. God will open the heart of some Shylock toward you. Your relief will come from the most unexpected quarter. The Providence which seemed ominous will be to you more than that which seemed auspicious. It will not be a chaffinch with breast and wing dashed with white and brown and chestnut ; it will be a black raven.

Here is where we all make our mistake, and that is in regard to

THE COLOR OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

A white providence comes to us, and we say, " Oh, it is mercy !" Then a black providence comes towards us, and we say, " Oh, that is disaster !" The white providence comes to you,

and you have great business success, and you have fifty thousand dollars, and you get proud, and you get independent of God, and you begin to feel that the prayer, "Give me this day my daily bread," is inappropriate for you, for you have made provision for a hundred years. Then a black providence comes, and it sweeps everything away, and then you begin to pray, and you begin to feel your dependence, and begin to be humble before God, and you cry out for treasures in heaven. The black providence brought you salvation. The white providence brought you ruin. That which seemed to be harsh, and fierce, and dissonant was your greatest mercy. It was a raven. There was

A CHILD BORN

in your house. All your friends congratulated you. The other children of the family stood amazed looking at the new-comer, and asked a great many questions, genealogical and chronological. You said—and you said truthfully—that a white angel flew through the room and left the little one there. That little one stood with its two feet in the very sanctuary of your affection, and with its two hands it took hold of the altar of your soul. But one

day there came one of the three scourges of children—scarlet-fever, or croup, or diphtheria—and all that bright scene vanished. The chattering, the strange questions, the pulling at the dresses as you crossed the floor—all ceased.

As the great Friend of children stooped down and leaned toward that cradle, and took the little one in His arms and walked away with it into the bower of eternal summer, your eye began to follow Him, and

YOU FOLLOWED THE TREASURE

He carried, and you have been following them ever since ; and instead of thinking of heaven only once a week, as formerly, you are thinking of it all the time, and you are more pure and tender-hearted than you used to be, and you are patiently waiting for the daybreak. It is not self-righteousness in you to acknowledge that you are a better man than you used to be—you are a better woman than you used to be. What was it that brought you the sanctifying blessing? Oh, it was the dark shadow on the nursery ; it was the dark shadow on the short grave ; it was the dark shadow on your broken heart ; it was the brooding of a great black trouble ; it was a raven—it was a raven ! Dear

Lord, teach this people that white providences do not always mean advancement, and that black providences do not always mean retrogression.

Children of God, get up out of your despondency. The Lord never had so

MANY RAVENS

as He has this morning, Fling your fret and worry to the winds. Sometimes under the vexations of life you feel like my little girl of four years, who said, under some childish vexation, "Oh, I wish I could go to heaven and see God and pick flowers!" He will let you go when the right time comes to pick flowers. Until then, whatever you want, pray for. I suppose Elijah prayed pretty much all the time. Tremendous work behind him. Tremendous work before him. God has no spare ravens for idlers or for people who are prayerless. I put it in the boldest shape possible, and I am willing to risk my eternity on it: ask God in the right way for what you want, and you shall have it if it is best for you.

Mrs. Jane Pithey, of Chicago, a well-known Christian woman, was left by her husband a widow with one half dollar and a cottage. She

was palsied, and had a mother ninety years of age to support. The widowed soul every day asked God for all that was needed in the household, and the servant even was astonished at the precision with which God answered the prayers of that woman, item by item, item by item. One day, rising from the family altar, the servant said, "*You have not asked for coal,* and

THE COAL IS OUT."

Then they stood and prayed for the coal. One hour after that the servant threw open the door and said, "The coal has come." A generous man, whose name I could give you, had sent—as never before and never since—a supply of coal. You cannot understand it. I do. Ravens! Ravens!

My friend, you have a right to argue from precedent that God is going to take care of you. Has He not done it two or three times every day? That is most marvellous. I look back and I wonder that God has given me food three times a day regular all my lifetime, never missing but once, and then I was lost in the mountains; but that very morning and that very night I met the ravens.

Oh, the Lord is so good that I wish all this people would

TRUST HIM

with the two lives—the life you are now living and that which every tick of the watch and every stroke of the clock inform you is approaching. Bread for your immortal soul comes to-day. See! They alight on the platform. They alight on the backs of all the pews. They swing among the arches. Ravens! Ravens! “Blessed are they that hunger after righteousness, for they shall be filled.” To all the sinning, and the sorrowing, and the tempted deliverance comes this hour. Look down, and you see nothing but your spiritual deformities. Look back, and you see nothing but wasted opportunity. Cast your eye forward, and you have a fearful looking for judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversary. But look up, and you behold the whipped shoulders of an interceding Christ, and the face of a pardoning God, and the irradiation of an opening heaven. I hear the whirr of their wings. Do you not feel the rush of the air on your cheek? Ravens! Ravens!

There is only one question I want to ask:

How many of this audience are willing to trust God for the supply of their bodies, and trust the Lord Jesus Christ for the redemption of their immortal souls? Amid the clatter of the hoofs and the clang of the wheels of the judgment-chariot, the whole matter will be demonstrated.

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